NO. 1943
36
PEP
The SHIELD
FEB.
COMICS
10¢
RCHIE! – THE
IRTH OF A NATION
LUS
MLJ
COMMANDO
BOYLE
DANNY IN
WONDERLAND
ENTLEY OF
SCOTLAND YD.
Montana
THE GREATEST GALAXY OF STARS IN COMICS!

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 15

I'D LIKE to make a suggestion.

These are troubled times. Our nation is at war with the Axis powers, fighting for existence and liberty. And from every family, young men have left their homes to join the fight—to do their bit with the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, or Marines.

These men operate under constant pressure and tension. They're fighting a fight to the death, and they need to relax mentally once in a while. You can help them do this.

You can help them with books. There's no greater weapon for the building of morale.

If you have a brother stationed out of the United States or in some far-off corner of the United States itself, chances are that there may be no library available to him. So, along with those cigarettes, and those cookies, and that sewing kit, send him a book. And tell him to pass it along to the other fellows in his company after he reads it.

And send him a book even if he isn't a great reader. The fellow who bunks next to him may enjoy reading.

Here are some suggestions on the kind of books you ought to send.

Funny novels go over big . . . books by authors like P. G. Wodehouse, Robert Benchley, S. J. Perelman, Stephen Leacock, Arthur Kober, and Irving D. Tressler. Adventure novels are well-liked . . . books by Robert Graves, Clements Ripley, Kenneth Roberts, Rafael Sabatini, and others. Fantasies like those by Jules Verne and Edgar Rice Burroughs are swell. Mysteries—detective stories of the type written by Ellery Queen, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, and Agatha Christie—are in great demand by men of the armed forces. And textbooks! Textbooks on radio, textbooks on mechanics . . . almost all kinds of textbooks are wanted.

And don't forget to send comic magazines!

Here's a point. If you haven't a brother in the forces, or even if you have, send books, too, to the USO. There's one in the large city nearest your home—and if you can't locate their address, your local public library will forward your books to them. The USO will see to it that your books are distributed among those fighting men who want and need them.

And if you don't have books of the kind described, send any kind of books. Different people have different tastes, and there are plenty of men who'll want to read the books you've had lying around your attic for years. Make up a package today.

That's a way you can do your share.

Keep 'em flying.

Outstanding letters this month from:

Lewis Lawrence, 567 Park Avenue, New York City
John Hanley, 412 Maple Street, Peoria, Illinois
Charles Spritman, 35 Davis, Monte Vista, Colorado
Walter Permoda, 5301 N. Central Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Rita Strano, 1392-A Utah Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Ruth Shifren, 32 Glenmore Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Melvin Robinson, Box 174, Drakesboro, Ky.
Harriet Stathel, 2409 Creston Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
Anthony Dennamaria, 97 High Street, Newark, N. J.
Ernest Mee, New Richmond, Wisconsin
Pat Mahlan, Hougland, Indiana

Sincerely,

Joe Higgins (the Shield)

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

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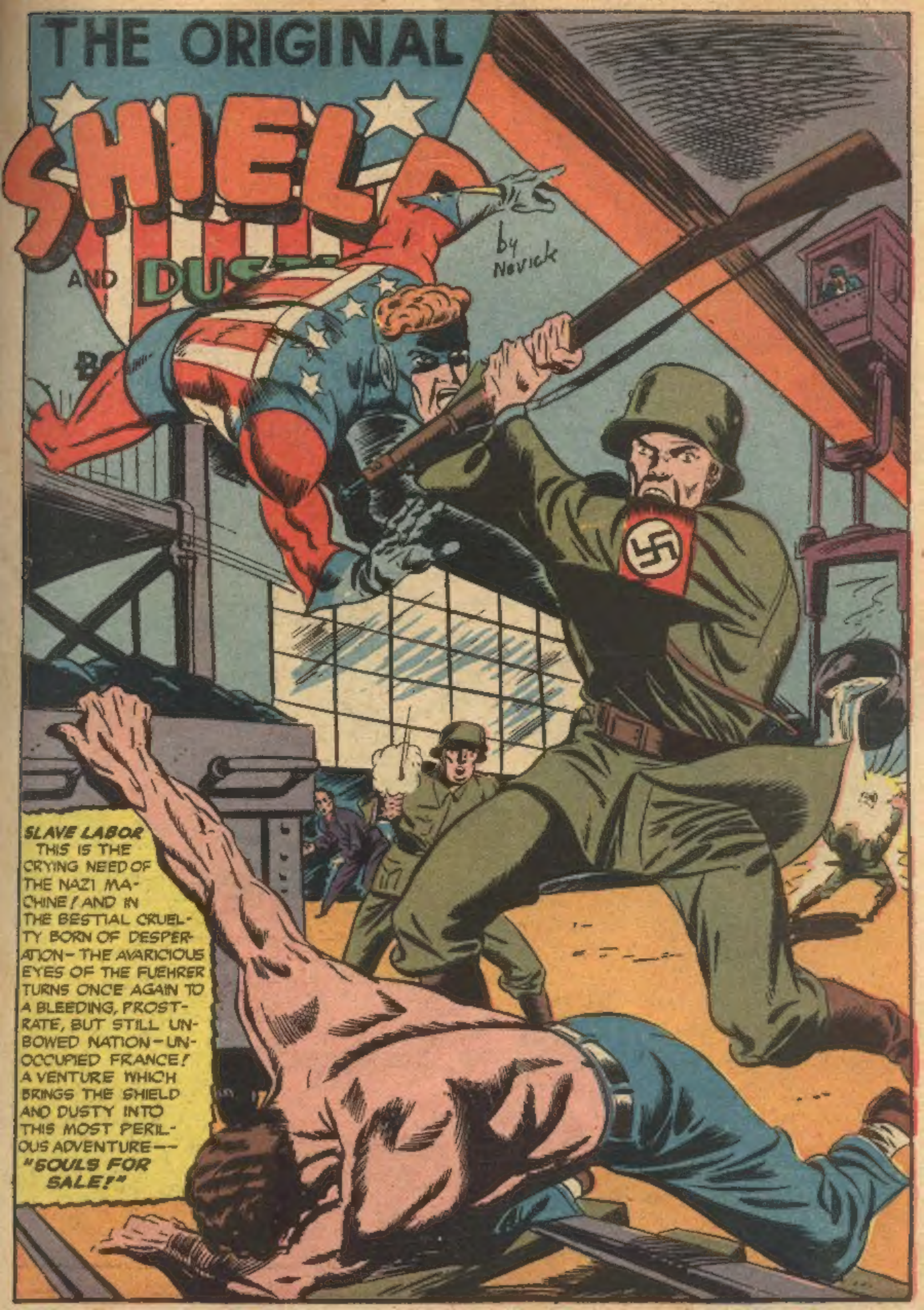
THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND DUSTY
by Novick
SLAVE LABOR
THIS IS THE CRYING NEED OF THE NAZI MACHINE! AND IN THE BESTIAL CRUELTY BORN OF DESPERATION - THE AVARICIOUS EYES OF THE FUEHRER TURNS ONCE AGAIN TO A BLEEDING, PROSTRATE, BUT STILL UNBOWED NATION - UNOCCUPIED FRANCE! A VENTURE WHICH BRINGS THE SHIELD AND DUSTY INTO THIS MOST PERILOUS ADVENTURE -- "SOULS FOR SALE!"

VE MUST HAVE MORE FRENCH VORKERS FOR OUR MUNITIONS FACTORIES! YOU HAF FAILED TO SUPPLY DEM, HERR LAVAL! I TINK MAYBE I LIQUIDATE YOU! MAYBE I LIQUIDATE ALL FRENCHMEN!
B··BUT·· I····
BAH, YOU ARE A NINCOMPOOP! VE GET DER VORKERS OURSELVES! MARSHAL KLOPP, YOU VILL TAKE CHARGE!
HELLO, GENERAL RICHTER? DIS IS MARSHAL KLOPP. I ORDER YOU TO GET VUN MILLION FRENCH VORKERS! YOU KNOW DER PENALTY IF YOU FAIL!
Y-YES, MARSHAL, HEIL HITLER!
SCHULTZ, YOU DOPE, I APPOINT YOU HEAD OF DER CAMPAIGN TO GET FRENCH VORKERS FOR DER REICH! DON'T YOU DARE TO MAKE ANY MISTAKES!
FRITZ, I HAVE AN IMPORTANT JOB FOR YOU! IF YOU FAIL I····
YA, CAPTAIN SCHULTZ!
SCHULTZ! I VANT YOU TO DO IT!
YES, GENERAL! (GULP)
HEIL HIT··· OOF!
MEANWHILE AT THE F.B.I. OFFICE IN WASHINGTON··
HOOVER, THE NAZIS ARE HOLDING THERIOT PRISONER BECAUSE HE THREATENED TO EXPOSE THEIR PLANS TO ENSLAVE FRENCH LABOR! IF WE CAN GET HIM OUT OF FRANCE THEIR ENTIRE SCHEME WILL COLLAPSE!
MR. SECRETARY, I HAVE JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB!
HOOVER CALLS IN JOE HIGGINS···
JOE, I'M SENDING YOU ON A SECRET MISSION TO VICHY! YOUR JOB WILL BE TO LOCATE THERIOT AND GET HIM OUT OF FRANCE!

YOU WILL POSE AS CARL KLUG, A NAZI AGENT WE JUST CAPTURED! HERE'S A PICTURE OF HIM!
YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME TO DO MY BEST, MR. HOOVER!
GOSH, JOE, YOU AREN'T GOING WITHOUT ME, ARE YOU?
I'M AFRAID SO, DUSTY!
THIS IS A SECRET ASSIGNMENT AND A VERY DANGEROUS ONE! I COULDN'T LET YOU TAKE THE RISK!
A WARSHIP SPEEDS JOE HIGGINS TO LONDON, WHERE ONE MOONLESS NIGHT HE BOARDS A GLIDER AND IS TOWED OVER FRANCE---
NEAR VICHY, THE GLIDER IS CUT LOOSE--- IT DESCENDS SILENTLY---
SURE HOPE NO ONE SAW ME LAND!
THEN, WHEN JOE REACHES THE CITY----
I'VE GOT A FEELING SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING ME! MAYBE THIS DISGUISE ISN'T AS GOOD AS I THOUGHT IT WAS!
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I'LL JUST DUCK AROUND THIS CORNER!
AND THROUGH THIS REVOLVING DOOR!
HE'S STILL ON MY TRAIL! THIS FELLOW'S SURE HARD TO SHAKE OFF! I'LL TRY THAT STORE OVER THERE!
AH, JUST THE THING! THIS STORE HAS A BACK DOOR!
TABAC SHOPPE
I'LL GRAB HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT!
GOT YA! AND NOW, MISTER, LET'S SEE WHO YOU ARE!
GREAT SCOTT!
HIYA, JOE! THOUGHT YOU COULD LEAVE ME BEHIND, DID YOU?
DUSTY! HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET HERE?
WHY, IT WAS SIMPLE! ALL I DID WAS----

SUDDENLY---
NEVER MIND THE EXPLANATIONS NOW, DUSTY! THOSE NAZIS ARE WATCHING US! I THINK WE'D BETTER START MOVING!
VAIT! VOT IS DER MEANING OF DOT NON-ARYAN UNIFORM?
TAKE DOT BOY TO HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING!
I'VE GOT TO GET DUSTY OUT OF THIS! THAT FRUIT STAND GIVES ME AN IDEA!
STEALTHILY, JOE CROOKS HIS UMBRELLA AROUND A LEG OF THE FRUIT STAND-
AND---
DUSTY BEGINS TO RUN----
I HOPE THOSE NAZIS LIKE FRUIT!
STOP DOT BOY!
AFTER HIM, QUICK!

THIS UMBRELLA SURE TURNED OUT TO BE A BIG HELP!
DIS IS VHY I HATE BANANAS!
YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR DIS! I ARREST YOU INSTEAD OF DER BOY!
SACRÉ BLEU— MY BEEOUTIFUL FRUIT, SHE IS ALL SMASH!
LATER AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS—
GENERAL, I HAVE CAUGHT AN ENEMY OF DER THIRD REICH!
NONSENSE! I AM CARL KLUG HERR HIMMLER'S SPECIAL AGENT!
VHERE IS YOUR IDENTIFICATION, HERR KLUG?
WHY, THAT'S FUNNY— IT'S MISSING! I MUST HAVE DROPPED IT!
GREAT WORK, SCHULTZ! HE HAS NO IDENTIFICATION! HE MUST BE A SPY!
I T'INK MAYBE I VILL BE PROMOTED!
EXCUSE, PLEASE! I FIND THESE PAPERS!
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ACH HIMMEL! SCHULTZ, YOU DOPE! DIS MAN IS HERR KLUG! APOLOGIZE AT VUNCE!
BUT, MY FRUIT, SHE IS RUIN!
EXCUSE ME, HERR KLUG! I MADE A MISTAKE! AND HOW IS YOUR COLLEAGUE, HERR BLOCK?
WHO? HERR B-- BLOCK? OH, HE IS FINE!
AHA! I HAF CAUGHT HIM NOW! DERE IS NO HERR BLOCK! I CHUST MADE IT UP!
BUT, DUSTY HAS BEEN LISTENING AT THE WINDOW----
HE SPRINTS ACROSS THE STREET TO A PHONE-------
OPERATOR, CONNECT ME WITH GENERAL RITTER AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS, HURRY, URGENT!
CLEVER VORK, SCHULTZ! MAYBE I VILL PROMOTE YOU, AFTER ALL! I ALVAYS SAID YOU VERE A SMART FELLOW!
HELLO! WHO IS CALLING? HERR BLOCK! FROM HIMMLER'S OFFICE! YOU VANT TO KNOW HOW IS YOUR FRIEND, CARL KLUG? OH-H-H! HE IS FINE! OH SURE, I VILL TREAT HIM VERY NICE!

SCHULTZ!!!
YOU BUNGLER! DIS IS DER LAST STRAW. I ORDER YOU TO ARREST YOURSELF!
I AM SO SORRY, HERR KLUG. I VILL BE DELIGHTED TO HELP YOU.
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GENERAL, NO HARD FEELINGS
I'LL EVEN TELL YOU THAT HERR HIMMLER SENT ME ON A SPECIAL MISSION TO DEAL WITH AN ENEMY OF THE THIRD REICH
I WAS ON MY WAY TO INTERVIEW AND..AHEM... "CONVINCE", THERIOT---
HAW! HAW! CONVINCE HIM! I UNDERSTAND. THERIOT IS AT DER ESTATE, ISN'T HE?
W-WHY, YES, THAT'S RIGHT, AT THE ESTATE.
I TAKE YOU DERE, MYSELF. IT VILL BE A PLEASURE!
WELL-LOOKS LIKE THE SHIELD IS DOING SOME TRAVELLING-I COULD STAND A CHANGE OF SCENERY MYSELF.
HAW! HAW! YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE DER FUEHRER'S ENEMIES, DON'T YOU, HERR KLUG?
LIEUTENANT, THIS IS MY GOOD FRIEND, CARL KLUG, FROM HIMMLER'S OFFICE.
HEIL HITLER!
MY ORDERS ARE TO SPEAK TO HIM ALONE, LIEUTENANT, AND CONVINCE HIM OF HIS MISTAKE IN OPPOSING THE FUEHRER. I WILL USE MY OWN METHODS.
HAW! HAW! SPECIAL TREATMENT, EH, HERR KLUG?
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HE ISS IN DIS ROOM, HERR KLUG NO ONE VILL INTERFERE VID YOUR TREATMENT GUARD, YOU ARE DISMISSED
OH YES, LIEUTENANT, HERR KLUG IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE
EXCUSE ME, GENERAL, I AM EXPECTING A CALL FROM HERR HIMMLER
YES, HERR HIMMLER, VE GUARD THERIOT VERY CAREFULLY. HERR KLUG IS TALKING TO HIM NOW VOT!!
HERR KLUG WAS CAPTURED IN AMERICA LAST WEEK?
HIMMEL! VE HAF BEEN TRICKED!
NOW LISTEN, CAREFULLY, M'SIEUR THERIOT, I AM THE SHIELD, SENT BY THE AMERICAN FBI TO RESCUE YOU!
BON DIEU! YOU ARE JOKING!
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST, AMERICAN SCHWEIN!
OH, OH... HERE COME A COUPLE OF GUYS WHO DON'T LIKE MY BRAND OF JOKES - BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS.
WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GET RID OF THE CAMOUFLAGE NOW!!
I'M STILL TAKING YOU OUT OF HERE, THERIOT, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

AND THIS IS AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY!
WHAM
OR DON'T YOU BOYS AGREE WITH ME?
SMACK
NOW'S OUR CHANCE, THERIOT, LET'S GO!
THEES EES MADNESS, M'SIEUR SHIELD. WE CANNOT ESCAPE, BUT I DO AS YOU SAY!
DUSTY! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
SO, I'M THE GUY YOU COULDN'T USE ON THIS TRIP, EH, SHIELD? PARDON ME, WHILE I GIVE YOU THE HORSE-LAUGH -- HAW! HAW!
STOP AT THAT HOUSE! I HAVE FRIENDS THERE WHO WILL HELP US
HERE COME THE NAZIS, SHIELD, RIGHT BEHIND US

M'SIEUR THERIOT— YOU HAVE ESCAPED!
YES, FRANCHOT, BUT NOT FOR LONG UNLESS YOU HELP US. THE NAZIS ARE AT OUR HEELS.
SAY NO MORE, M'SIEUR. FOLLOW ME. I HAVE A SPEED-BOAT IN READINESS FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES
DIABLE! THE NAZI PEEGS ARE CLOSE. KEEP GOING M'SIEURS. I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!!
BANG BANG
VIVE LA FRANCE
HERE IT IS... THE SPEEDBOAT!! HURRY! HOP IN!
DON'T, M'SIEUR SHIELD— HE DIED AS HE WISHED, AND AS I WOULD WISH, IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY
NEXT STOP ENGLAND!! I FEEL PRETTY BAD ABOUT FRANCHOT! IF ONLY I...

AND SO SEVERAL DAYS LATER FROM BBC...
...AND SO, MY COUNTRYMEN, I TELL YOU RESIST! RESIST WITH YOUR LAST DROP OF BLOOD! THE NAZI BANDITS, WHO KNOW NO LAWS, STOP AT NOTHING TO GAIN THEIR ENDS – YES, EVEN TO KIDNAPPING THEIR SLAVE LABOR FROM FREE FRANCE
AND FROM A SECRET RADIO STATION IN FRANCE.....
FREE FRENCHMEN, EVERYWHERE! LET YOURSELVES BE HEARD AT ONCE! YOU HAVE HEARD M'SIEUR THERIOT! RESIST THE NAZI CRIMINALS! RESIST!
THE "UNDERGROUND" ISSUES LEAFLETS.....
FREE FRANCE
RESIST, FRENCHMEN!
STRIKE A BLOW AGAINST HITLER AND HIS AGENT, LAVAL!
DEMONSTRATE TOMORROW IN FRONT OF NAZI HEADQUARTERS AGAINST SLAVE LABOR!
DOWN WITH LAVAL!
VIVE DE GAULLE!
LONG LIVE FREE FRANCE!
INSIDE---
SCHULTZ, DIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
HEIL HIT--- OW!
THE MARSHAL CALLS----
GENERAL KLOPP, I DEMOTE YOU! YOU VILL BE LIQUIDATED AT ONCE!
MARSHAL, YOU ARE FIRED! RETURN AT ONCE YOUR 723 MEDALS AND YOUR 129 UNIFORMS!
I THINK I BETTER PRACTISE MY PAINTING! MIT SUCH DUMBKOPFS AROUND ME! SOON MAYBE, I NEED A NEW JOB!
HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE COMICS?
IT'S ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW!!

THE HANGMAN
IT WAS ONLY A FIGURINE. A STATUETTE OF A LEOPARD TRANSPORTED FROM THE INNERMOST DEPTHS OF THE DARK CONTINENT—AFRICA! BUT IN ITS WAKE IT LEFT A TRAIL OF BLOOD AND DEATH! A TRAIL TAKEN UP BY THE HANGMAN! A TRAIL WHICH PROMISED TO LEAD HIM TO THE SAME "ATAL END AS THE OTHERS WHO SOUGHT OUT ITS SECRET, -----
"THE SECRET OF THE LEOPARD'S CURSE"

WELL, THELMA, LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET A HUMAN INTEREST STORY!
IT DOES SEEM THAT WAY, BOB. OH WELL, I'LL COME BACK TO THESE SLUMS TOMORROW!
SUDDENLY---
HELP! HELP!
THOSE SCREAMS CAME FROM UP THERE!
GOOD LORD! THAT MAN--- HE'S HORRIBLY MUTILATED! HIS FACE AND CHEST ARE RIPPED TO SHREDS!
THE --- THE LEOPARD --- THE BLACK LEOPARD --- IT GREW --- AND GREW AND ---OOOaa!
POOR FELLOW, HE'S DEAD! HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN TERRIBLE AGONY!
I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE AT ONCE THELMA!
YES BOB!
WHAT'S THIS OVER HERE?
WHY, IT'S A STONE FIGURE OF A LEOPARD!

HMM--- THAT'S STRANGE! JUST BEFORE THAT POOR FELLOW DIED, HE MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT A LEOPARD! AND HIS WOUNDS LOOK LIKE CLAW MARKS! I WONDER---
I'LL CALL THE POLICE BOB!
SOME TIME LATER---
OH, IT'S YOU, DICKERING! YOU'RE ALWAYS STUMBLING INTO MURDERS SOMEHOW! WHO IS IT THIS TIME?
HELLO, CHIEF! I HAVEN'T YET HAD TIME TO IDENTIFY HIM!
IN FACT I'M NOT EVEN SURE HE WAS MURDERED. HE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN CLAWED TO DEATH!
AND WE FOUND THIS STATUE OF A LEOPARD--
YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO TELL ME THIS STATUE KILLED HIM, ARE YOU? BE YOUR AGE, WILL YA, AND LEAVE THE DETECTIN' TO GUYS WHO GET PAID FOR IT!
JUST THEN, A FIGURE UNNOTICED, ENTERS THE ROOM, AND---
EXCUSE ME OFFICER, I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THAT LEOPARD!
SAY! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU COME TO BE HERE?
I AM DR GREW, EXPLORER! I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT THIS LEOPARD AND ITS HISTORY--- AND A VERY WEIRD ONE IT IS, I CAN ASSURE YOU - THAT IS, IF THE LEOPARD IS GENUINE!
YOU SEE THE VICTIM VISITED ME A SHORT WHILE AGO AND WISHED TO CONSULT ME ABOUT THE LEOPARD WHICH HE HAD--ER-- FOUND! I PROMISED I WOULD DROP IN ON HIM AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY!
UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS TOO LATE, BUT IF I COULD TAKE THE LEOPARD WITH ME AND STUDY IT, PERHAPS I WILL CLEAN UP THE MYSTERY!
HMM--- OKAY- GO AHEAD AND TAKE IT!

HO HUM - WELL I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE PAPER WITH THIS STORY! GOOD NIGHT, BOB!
GUESS I'LL GO HOME AND TURN IN MYSELF - (YAWN) - GOOD NIGHT!
I'LL JUST WAIT TILL BOB'S GONE AND THEN I'M HEADING STRAIGHT FOR DR GREWS HOME!
I'LL JUST DUCK INTO THIS ALLEY TILL THELMA IS GONE!
IN THE ALLEY, BOB QUICKLY DOFFS HIS OUTER GARMENT AND EMERGES AS THE HAWK MAN!
MEANWHILE IN HIS LABORATORY, DR GREW STUDIES THE LEOPARD WITH RISING EXCITEMENT! THE PERSPIRATION SUDDENLY BEGINS TO STREAM FROM HIS PORES AND HIS FACE GOES DEAD WHITE AS HE REALIZES ---
--- BY THE LORD HARRY! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S THE SACRED LEOPARD OF THE LEOPARD TRIBE!
THEN, SUDDENLY
WHA --- IT'S COMING TO LIFE!
IT --- IT'S BREATHING FLAME AND SMOKE! I MUST GET OUT OF THIS ROOM! I --- I ---

MY GOD!---THE LEOPARD----IT'S GROWING!---NO--NO--I MUST BE GOING MAD! IT CAN'T BE!
IT'S A MONSTER! HELP! HELP!
ROARRRR
AAEEEEEEE
AT THIS MOMENT---- THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE LABORATORY! DR GREW MUST BE STUDYING THAT LEOPARD!
HELP!
WHAT'S THAT? A CRY FOR HELP! DR GREW MUST BE IN DANGER!
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DR GREW?
HE'S BEEN CLAWED TO DEATH! ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE LEOPARD!
THIS IS GETTING MORE SERIOUS EVERY MOMENT! THAT LEOPARD IS DEADLY--- WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

SOMEONE'S PROWLING ABOUT! I'LL JUST TURN OFF THESE LIGHTS!
SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS AND A SHADOWY FIGURE ENTERS THE INKY BLACKNESS OF THE ROOM-
---AND THROUGH THE DARKNESS GOES THE CAPED FIGURE OF THE HANGMAN HURTLING AT THE INTRUDER---
GOT YOU!
EEEEEEE
RASH!
AND AS THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN---
WHY T-THELMA! GULP!
YOU CAD! STRIKING A LADY!
BUT, THELMA, YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING BACK TO YOUR OFFICE!
AND YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING HOME-- EEEK!--WHO'S THAT?
IT'S DR GREW--OR RATHER WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! HE'S BEEN TERRIBLY MAULED AND THE LEOPARD IS GONE!
THIS IS BAFFLING! FIRST A STATUE COMES TO LIFE AND KILLS TWO MEN--AND THEN IT DISAPPEARS!

AND SO FAR NOT A SINGLE CLUE TO HELP FIND THE MURDERER -- IF THERE IS A MURDERER!
HANGMAN! WHAT'S THAT SMOULDERING IN THE FIREPLACE?
IT'S A NOTE OF SOME KIND, BUT IT'S PRETTY BADLY CHARRED!
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS MAY PROVE TO BE AN IMPORTANT CLUE, THELMA! LET'S TAKE IT BACK TO MY LABORATORY!
I'LL PHOTOGRAPH THAT CHARRED PIECE OF PAPER WITH THIS SPECIAL INFRA-RED APPARATUS!
THERE! THAT DOES IT! NOW IF THERE WAS ANY WRITING AT ALL ON THAT PAPER MY CAMERA WILL HAVE PHOTOGRAPHED IT! I'LL PUT THE NEGATIVE INTO THE DEVELOPING SOLUTION AND WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
Alfred Harding
Exchange 4711
ALFRED HARDING -- HMM -- HE'S ALSO AN EXPLORER, ISN'T HE, THEL?
WHY, YES! RECENTLY RETURNED FROM AN AFRICAN EXPLORATION, AS A MATTER OF FACT!
I'M GOING TO PAY MR. HARDING A CALL -- ALONE, AND THIS TIME I MEAN *POSITIVELY!*
7

IN HIS HOME ALFRED HARDING IS INTENTLY STUDYING THE DEADLY STATUE---
YES, THIS IS THE TRUE STATUETTE, ALL RIGHT! THE IDOL OF THE SAVAGE LEOPARD TRIBE!
SUDDENLY HIS FACE BLANCHES WITH FEAR, AS THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS APPEARS
THE---THE HANGMAN!
YES, HARDING, MAYBE YOUR HANGMAN, UNLESS YOU CAN EXPLAIN HOW YOU COME TO HAVE THAT LEOPARD!
WHY, IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, I ASSURE YOU! DR GREW CALLED ME ON THE PHONE A WHILE AGO TO CONSULT ME ON ITS GENUINENESS!
WHEN I GOT THERE GREW WAS DEAD - KILLED BY THE CURSE OF THE BLACK LEOPARD! I TOOK IT WITH ME!
WHY?
BECAUSE I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING IT TO THIS COUNTRY, AND I'M DETERMINED TO BRING THE CURSED THING BACK! YOU SEE IT ALL STARTED WHEN I AND DR. ROBERT DAVIS, THE ARCHAEOLOGIST, WENT ON AN EXPLORING TRIP INTO THE AFRICAN JUNGLES!
AS OUR SAFARI EMERGED FROM THE JUNGLES, THERE TOWERED BEFORE US THE MIGHTY CLIFFS OF THE ASKAR PLATEAU---
OUR NATIVE BEARERS TREMBLED WITH FEAR AND REFUSED TO GO A STEP FARTHER---
JU-JU! BE-WITCHED! WE NO GO!
IT IS THE LAND OF THE LEOPARD DEVILS!

THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT GO ON ALONE---
HOUR AFTER HOUR WE FOUGHT OUR WAY UP, ONE FALSE STEP MEANT SUDDEN DEATH----
LET'S TURN BACK, DAVIS! I HAVE A FOREBODING OF MISFORTUNE! THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD AND EVIL ABOUT THIS PLATEAU!
DON'T BE A FOOL, HARDING!
THAT NIGHT WE REACHED THE TOP!
NEXT MORNING---
LOOK OUT, DAVIS! THERE'S A LEOPARD ON THAT BRANCH! HE'S GOING TO SPRING!
I QUICKLY RAISED MY RIFLE AND FIRED POINT BLANK AT THE HURTLING BEAST! I WAS TOO CLOSE TO M SS----
STAND BACK, DAVIS! I GOT HIM!
BANG!!
THAT'S STRANGE, NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING, BUT I'M POSITIVE I HIT HIM! IT WAS POINT BLANK RANGE!
OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, HARDING, DON'T BE SO JUMPY! YOU'RE SEEING THINGS!
LATER---
GREAT SCOTT! DAVIS, COME HERE! QUICK! AM I DREAMING OR IS THAT REALLY-----

A SIGHT OF AWESOME SPLENDOR GREETED MY EYES! A BLACK LEOPARD TEMPLE, AND FEROCIOUS LEOPARDS GUARDING AN ALTER ON WHICH STOOD----
A BLAZING STATUETTE-A STONE FIGURE SO MAGNETIC THAT IT SEEMED TO BE ALIVE!
THAT STATUE! I MUST HAVE IT! LOOK AT THOSE FLAMING EYES-HUGE DIAMONDS-THEY MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!
NO, NO! DAVIS, YOU'RE MAD! LET'S TURN BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
BUT DAVIS WAS BEYOND REASONING THAT NIGHT! WE BOTH APPROACHED STEALTHILY—
THOSE WILD LEOPARDS-- THEY'RE COMING AT ME— THEY'LL TEAR ME TO PIECES!
THEY'VE STOPPED! IT MUST BE THIS STATUE I'M HOLDING! THEY WON'T HARM ME AS LONG AS IT'S IN MY POSSESSION! HARDING IS RIGHT, PERHAPS! THOSE LEOPARDS SEEM TO BE NEARLY HUMAN!
LATER THAT NIGHT, DAVIS WAS EXAMINING THE LEOPARD BY THE FIRE WHEN---
THE STATUE- IT'S ALIVE- IT'S GROWING-GROWING!

RRRRR
HELP!
I FLED FROM THAT SPOT AS THOUGH PURSUED BY THE DEVIL HIMSELF! I ALMOST PERISHED IN THOSE SWAMPS, BUT NOTHING COULD MAKE ME STAY NEAR THAT CURSED LEOPARD----
SOMEHOW I ESCAPED! I NEVER SAW THAT STATUE AGAIN TILL DR. GREW CALLED ME FOR CONSULTATION TONIGHT! HE KNEW I HAD BEEN TO THE LEOPARD COUNTRY!
HOW IT CAME HERE I DO NOT KNOW. BUT MY CONSCIENCE WILL NOT REST EASY TIL I RETURN IT WHERE IT BELONGS!
HMM—A VERY STRANGE STORY! MIND IF I EXAMINE THIS STATUE?
AS THE HANGMAN GOES OVER TO THE FIREPLACE TO EXAMINE THE STATUE, HIS KEEN EYES NOTICE---
THOSE CLAWS! THEY CONFIRM MY ORIGINAL HUNCH! HARDING YOU ARE THE MURDERER AFTER ALL!
JUST THEN--
FUMES COMING FROM THE STATUE— CAN'T BREATHE— GETTING WEAK!

IT'S ALIVE— SPRINGING AT ME!
RRRR
BUT SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT---
BANG
HANGMAN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THAT WASN'T A LEOPARD THAT ATTACKED YOU! IT WAS HARDING—HE HAD METAL CLAWS ON HIS HANDS!
I'M OKAY NOW! JUST A LITTLE DIZZY!
I SEE IT ALL NOW! THOSE FUMES WERE A HYPNOTIC DRUG, VAPORIZED BY THE HEAT OF THE FIRE! THE VICTIM WAS HYPNOTIZED INTO THINKING THE LEOPARD WAS ALIVE AND GROWING!
HARDING COMMITTED THOSE MURDERS TO GET THAT LEOPARD-- AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET HARDING!
THERE HE GOES!
ALL RIGHT HARDING, I'M CALLING THE TURNS FROM HERE ON!
YOU WERE VERY CLEVER NOTICING THOSE CLAWS HANGMAN! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I USE THEM!

YOU'LL NEVER PUT A NOOSE AROUND MY NECK, HANGMAN!
THE VINE—IT'S TEARING AWAY FROM THE WALL—I'M SLIPPING!
THE LOOSE VINE WHIPS ABOUT—A QUICK WRENCH—AND HARDING'S NECK IS BROKEN!
YOU'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MOMENTS LEFT TO LIVE, HARDING! YOU MAY AS WELL CONFESS AND EASE YOUR CONSCIENCE!
ALL RIGHT, HANGMAN, THE STORY I TOLD YOU WAS TRUE EXCEPT THAT IT WAS I WHO STOLE THAT STATUE, NOT DAVIS! I KILLED HIM WHEN HE TRIED TO STOP ME! KILLED HIM THE WAY I KILLED THE OTHERS!
WHEN I STAGGERED INTO A TOWN HALF DEAD, THE STATUETTE WAS STOLEN FROM ME BY A BEACH COMBER! I TRACED HIM HERE AND—UHHHHHH
HE'S DEAD!
MURDER AND BLOOD ALL BECAUSE OF MAN'S AGE-OLD CURSE—GREED! AND THE IRONY IS THAT THE LEOPARD'S EYES ARE NOT EVEN DIAMONDS—
THEY'RE GLASS! MURDERERS AND CRIMINALS, WHEN WILL YOU LEARN THAT INEVITABLY YOU FACE YOUR HANGMAN?
The End
13

BOOKS DON'T BLEED

A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

THE Hangman walked briskly up to the door and knocked. When it was opened he said, "How do you do? I'm—"

The girl who had opened the door smiled up at him. "—The Hangman," she finished. "Naturally. It's easy enough to recognize you in your uniform."

The Hangman followed her down a long hall and into a wide living room. Two girls, both very young, and a big, wide-shouldered man were waiting there for him. The Hangman was introduced all around.

"Look," The Hangman said, "how about explaining this to me? I came here because Thelma asked me to come, but I'm not quite sure as to what you want me to do."

Janice Lane, the young lady who'd opened the door, answered the question. "It's very simple," she said. "Vivian Mildred and I are criminology students. We're studying the various methods of detecting crime, and as one of this country's most famous crimefighters, we realized that you'd be able to give us quite a few pointers. So, since I know Thelma Gordon slightly, and since I've heard about her connection with you, I asked her to ask you to help us out."

"That's right, Hangman," the man cut in. "I came here to see Janice's father about some store matter—I'm Mike O'Leary, chief detective in Mr. Lane's downtown department store—and he's out somewhere. While I've been waiting for his return, the girls have thrown a million questions at me."

The Hangman smiled. "Well," he said, "I doubt if I'll make a very good teacher."

"You're just modest," Janice said. "Tell us, Hangman, what methods do you use in solving murders?"

The Hangman held up a hand. "Easy there," he said. "It's not as simple as all that. Different murders, committed in different ways, require different methods of detection." He thought for a moment. "But if you want a generalization," he continued, "I can say this much. If you wish to solve a murder committed by a clever criminal—look for the little things."

Janice's eyes were large. "How do you mean, little things?" she asked.

The Hangman considered. "Well," he said, "put it this way. In a crime of passion or rage, committed in an unpremeditated fashion by a man or woman who until that moment had been non-criminal, you can generally pin the crime on him or her by some large mistake he or she made. Something like leaving fingerprints on a gun, or committing the crime with a weapon which could be traced—something big, and rather foolish." He paused. "But with the clever criminal, the man with the twisted mind who plans his crime carefully, goes over it step by step, you've got to look for the little clues. You've got to be literally like Sherlock Holmes, careful to examine every cigar ash, every little thing which may lead to a solution."

Janice smiled. "Oh," she scoffed, "you're not going to try to make us believe that you work in the Sherlock Holmes fashion, are you?"

The Hangman smiled back at her. "You needn't scoff," he said. "I may not use Sherlock Holmes methods to the extent the fictional detective did—for the purposes of fiction, the author exaggerated—but believe me that looking for the little things is the basic tenet in crime detection. Occasionally it's something you hear, and occasionally it's something you see—but let one little item not fit into a smooth pattern, and the good detective will immediately focus on that item and see *why* it doesn't fit."

And then, suddenly, The Hangman stopped speaking and stared at a door across the room. "That closet," he said tensely, "when did you last open it?"

The smile left Janice's face. "Why not for days, probably," she said. "That's more of a storeroom than a closet. My brother, who's away at college, keeps all his books there. Why do you ask?"

"Books don't bleed," said The Hangman, and pulled the door open.

A body tumbled out.

Janice stared at the body and screamed, piercingly. "It's my father!" she said.

The Hangman bent down and examined Lane's body. A paper-knife protruded from Lane's chest, and blood had rushed plentifully from the wound. Lane was still warm, but very much dead.

The Hangman stood up and grasped Janice's shoulders. "Look," he said tightly, "don't go hysterical on me. You wanted to learn about crime, and some murderer's brought it right to your front door. If you want the murderer to escape punishment, keep yowling. If you want me to get to work on this, calm down and let me ask you a few questions. I understand the shock, and I sympathize—*but calm down!*"

Janice took her hands away from her eyes. "All right," she said tiredly. "I'll calm down. What do you want to know?"

The Hangman looked over and noticed with grim amusement that both Janice's friends, the future criminologists, had fainted. "Do you recognize the

knife?" he asked.

Janice stared at the knife and turned away, shuddering. "Yes—yes, I recognize it. It's my father's."

"Where does your father keep it?" The Hangman asked.

"My father kept it on the desk in his study," Janice said. "I see what you're getting at. Anybody who visited my father once or twice at his study would know that the knife was kept there."

"All right," The Hangman said. "And now—how about enemies? Did your father have any enemies?"

"No," Janice said. "Everyone in business liked him." She hesitated. "Of course . . . No. No, he had no enemies."

"You started to say something," The Hangman said. "What was it?"

"It's really nothing," Janice said. "My father occasionally backed a play—the theatre was his hobby. Sometimes he fired performers for drinking and things like that . . . and he had arguments with them. There was one man—I didn't get his name—who came here a few times and was positively abusive. My father finally had to throw him out."

"I see," said The Hangman. "I'll work on that later." He turned to Mike O'Leary. "Now I want to ask you a few questions."

"Me?" said O'Leary. "Listen, Hangman . . . "

"Relax," said the Hangman. "This is routine. I was just wondering what you came here to see Lane about."

"It wouldn't interest you," O'Leary said. "I just wanted to see him about some routine shoplifting stuff."

"Let me judge what'll interest me," The Hangman said. "Was it your practice always to consult Lane about routine matters?"

O'Leary shook his head. "No. Just on shoplifting matters. We been having so much of it lately at the store that Mr. Lane asked me to keep him informed of every new development."

"What was this new development?"

"Well," said O'Leary, "it was pretty usual stuff, but I thought Mr. Lane would like to know about it anyhow. I was cruising around the store about two hours ago when I spotted some dame lifting underclothes and stuff off the counters and slipping 'em into her coat. Well, I followed her around for a while, just to make sure I wasn't mistaken. Finally she saw me watching her, and just when she was about to ditch the stuff out one of the fire exits between the fourth and fifth floors I grabbed her. She's down at headquarters now."

The Hangman smiled. "All right, brother," he said. "It's all over."

O'Leary moved back, and his face contorted with terror as the shadow of a noose fell across his features. "What—what are you talkin' about?" he whimpered.

The Hangman took hold of his collar and pushed him against the wall. "You can drop the O'Leary act now," he said. "It's all over."

"You're crazy," the man said. "I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you?" The Hangman said. He reached forward and rubbed his hand along the other man's face. Grease-paint smudges appeared on his gloves. "You're not O'Leary. You're that actor Janice was just talking about. You hated Lane, and you worked up this scheme to kill him."

The Hangman's eyes were cold. "Stop snivelling, rat," he said. "Your plan's backfired, and that's all there is to it. You certainly planned it carefully. You studied the real O'Leary and made up like him. Then you came here and made sure that you arrived when Lane was alone. When he let you in as O'Leary, you killed him and stuffed him in that closet. Then—and here was the cleverest part of your scheme—you came back later, again as O'Leary, but this time when Janice and her friends were here. You came back at a time you knew the real O'Leary would be travelling home by subway alone, so that he had no alibi. You planned to stick around a while, then leave, telling Janice to tell her father about that shoplifter. Then while the police checked and found that no shoplifter had been arrested, they'd suspect O'Leary—thinking he had told Janice that shoplifter story just as an excuse to enter the house—possibly to destroy some evidence. . . ."

Suddenly with the desperation of a cornered rat, the fake O'Leary kicked out. His foot caught The Hangman on the leg and threw him to the floor. With a cry of triumph, the actor leaped forward.

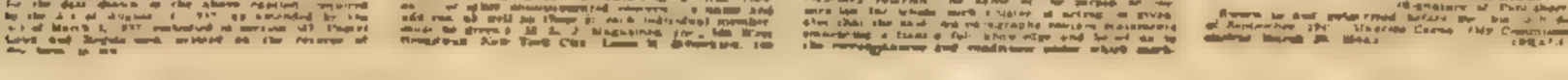
But The Hangman wasn't there any longer. He had slid quickly to the side . . . and as the actor leaped, his left fist moved upward with the speed and impact force of an express train. There was a sharp crack, and the actor went bye-bye.

The Hangman took a deep breath. "There's your murderer," he said.

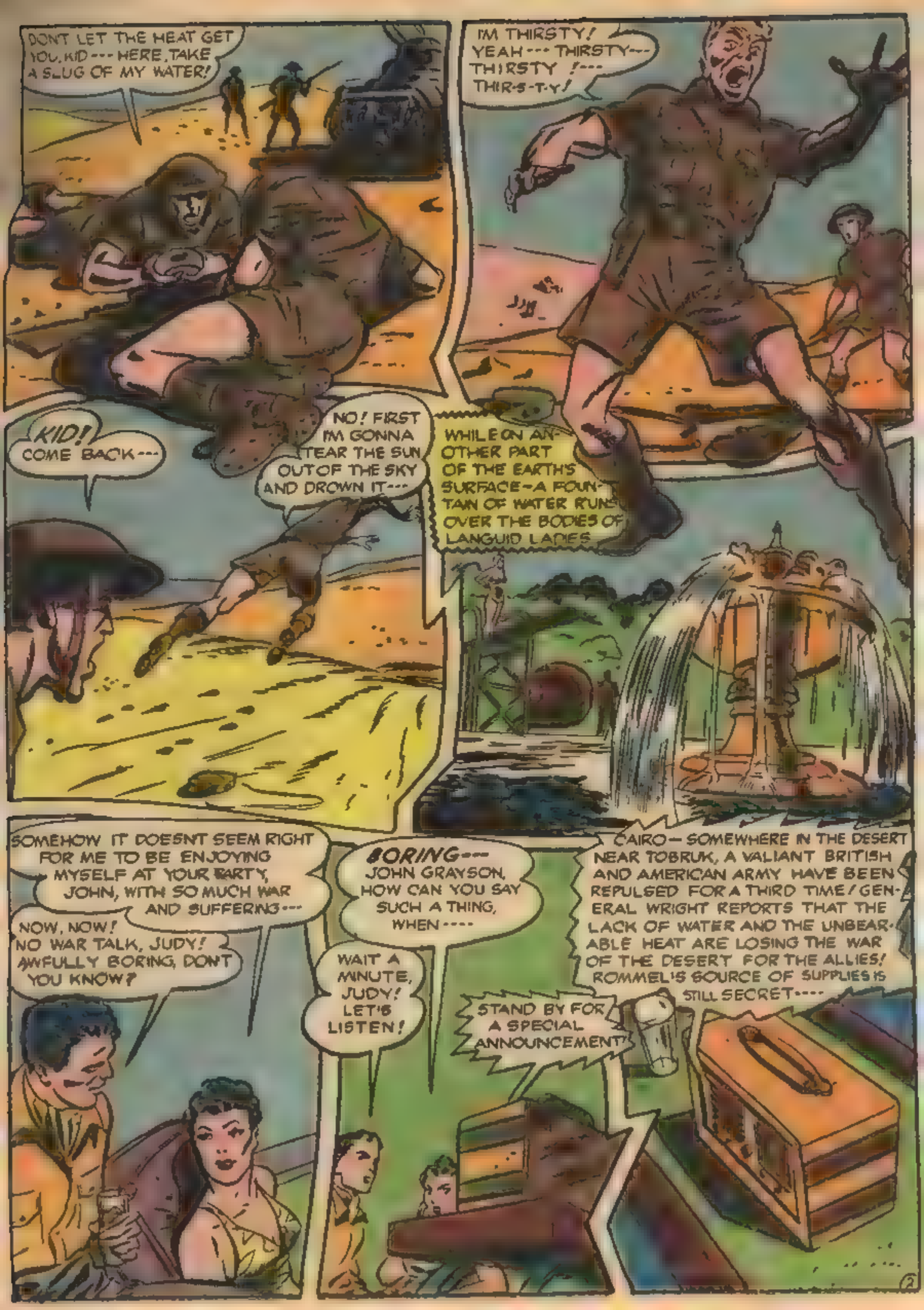
Janice looked bewildered. "But, Hangman," she said. "I—I don't understand. How did you know he wasn't really O'Leary?"

"O'Leary, being the chief of detectives at your father's store, would know his business," The Hangman said. He smiled. "I knew this guy was a phony because of one of those little things I was telling you about. You see, in the story the phony told me, he said that he'd arrested some woman for shoplifting when she tried to ditch the stuff she stole in an exit between the fourth and fifth floors. That means the arrest would have been made in the building."

The Hangman walked to the phone to call the police. "A rudimentary knowledge of law helps a crime fighter, too," he remarked. "You see, the law says that even if a person lifts a dozen items off a counter without telling the salesgirl—it still isn't shoplifting unless the items are taken out of the store!"



CAPTAIN COMMANDO
and the BOY SOLDIERS
by IRVING NOVICK
DESERT WARFARE - SCENE OF MEN FIGHTING IN TORRID TEMPERATURE - FIGHTING NOT ALONE AGAINST THE MORTAL FORCES OF THE NAZIS, BUT THE IMMORTAL HEAT OF THE SUN! AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND, CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS TAKE THEIR PLACE ALONGSIDE THE COMMANDOS OF THE DESERT TO CONQUER THE FORMIDABLE FORTRESS OF GENERAL ROMMEL - THE FORTRESS KNOWN AS ....
"THE PYRAMID PILLBOX"


DON'T LET THE HEAT GET YOU, KID --- HERE, TAKE A SLUG OF MY WATER!
I'M THIRSTY! YEAH --- THIRSTY --- THIRSTY! --- THIR-S-T-Y!
KID! COME BACK ---
NO! FIRST I'M GONNA TEAR THE SUN OUT OF THE SKY AND DROWN IT ---
WHILE ON ANOTHER PART OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE - A FOUNTAIN OF WATER RUNS OVER THE BODIES OF LANGUID LADIES
SOMEHOW IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT FOR ME TO BE ENJOYING MYSELF AT YOUR PARTY, JOHN, WITH SO MUCH WAR AND SUFFERING ---
NOW, NOW! NO WAR TALK, JUDY! AWFULLY BORING, DON'T YOU KNOW?
BORING --- JOHN GRAYSON, HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING, WHEN ----
WAIT A MINUTE, JUDY! LET'S LISTEN!
CAIRO — SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT NEAR TOBRUK, A VALIANT BRITISH AND AMERICAN ARMY HAVE BEEN REPULSED FOR A THIRD TIME / GENERAL WRIGHT REPORTS THAT THE LACK OF WATER AND THE UNBEARABLE HEAT ARE LOSING THE WAR OF THE DESERT FOR THE ALLIES! ROMMEL'S SOURCE OF SUPPLIES IS STILL SECRET ----
STAND BY FOR A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!
2

DO YOU HEAR THAT, JOHN GRAYSON? IRONICAL, ISN'T IT? THOUSANDS OF BOYS DYING FOR A LITTLE WATER, WHILE YOU ---
WHOA! NOW DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL HEATED UP, JUDY---
HERE ---MAY-BE THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF---
WHY YOU --- YOU --- YOU LOATHESOME UNPATRIOTIC---
TAKE A LONG DRINK, YOU DRIP! I'M LEAVING---
WHEW --- I CARRIED THAT A LITTLE TOO FAR! WHAT A GIRL---
CALLING STATION W2XY3, CALLING BILLY GRAYSON— CAPTAIN COMMANDO CALLING! COME IN W2XY3!
THIS IS W2XY3 --- BILLY GRAYSON SPEAKING FOR THE BOY SOLDIERS! COME IN, CAPTAIN COMMANDO
BOY-O-BOY, NOW FOR SOME ACTION! I'M TIRED OF SCHOOL!
COMMANDO ORDER OF THE DAY! STAND BY FOR ACTION! PLACE: TOBRUK! OBJECTIVE: ROMMEL! REPORT IMMEDIATELY AT COMMANDO AIR-PORT!
LATER IN THE STUDY OF JOHN GRAYSON---

THAT NIGHT---A PERFECT TAKE OFF AND THE SKY TENANTS A GIANT PLANE SPEEDING TO WARDS A DESTINATION DEFINITELY KNOWN!
WE'RE IN FOR A DIFFERENT KIND OF FIGHTING, LADS! NO HIDING PLACES NO FRENDLY PEOPLE TO POINT THE WAY— IT'S JUST MAN-TO-MAN OPEN DESERT WARFARE! ARE YOU GAME?
DESERT WARFARE? LEAD ME TO IT! I WAS BRUNG UP IN THE DESERTS OF CANARSIE!
CIRCLING OVER THE DESERT COMMANDO S'CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED AIRPORT, THE PLANE READIES FOR A THREE POINT LANDING---
YOU'RE A HAPPY SIGHT FOR DESERT-WEARY EYES CAPTAIN! I ASKED FOR A DIVISION OF COMMANDOS, AND I GOT IT!
THANKS, MAJOR, WE'RE READY FOR OUR BATTLE STATIONS!
NO TIME LOST - THE CARAVAN OF MACHINES SURGES FORWARD TO MEET THE ENEMY---
THEN- FROM SEEMINGLY NOWHERES, A SWARM OF MESSERSCHMITTS SWOOP FROM THE SKIES, POURING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!

GALLANTLY, THE ALLIES FIGHT OFF THE ATTACK, UNTIL, AT LAST, THE SKIES ARE CLEARED.
THERE YOU HAVE IT, CAPTAIN — ROMMEL COMMANDS AN UNLIMITED AMOUNT OF SUPPLIES! WE COULD LICK THEM, MAN FOR MAN, GUN FOR GUN, BUT WHERE DO THEY GET THEIR SUPPLIES? THAT'S YOUR JOB, CAPTAIN — FIND THAT SOURCE OF SUPPLY!
NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE, MAJOR!
THIS IS IT! LET'S GO, BOY SOLDIERS!
I COULD KISS YOU, CAP! DIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR!
BRAVO!
THAT'S PECULIAR — A "STEP" PYRAMID! THEY'RE ONLY FOUND IN BABYLON! HOW COME?
YES CAPTAIN — A "STEP" PYRAMID BUT ONLY BUILT BY THE NAZIS! IT'S THE PYRAMID PILLBOX!
LOOK, GANG, THERE'S SOMETHING DEFINITELY FISHY ABOUT THAT PYRAMID. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE AT IT. NO NOISE NOW WE DON'T WANT TO TIP FRITZ OFF IF HE'S ANYWHERE AROUND

BUT CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S CAUTION IS TO NO AVAIL- FOR AT THAT MOMENT, A HUGE "LISTENING" EAR PICKS UP THE APPROACHING INTRUDERS AND THE ALARM IS SET---
ACHTUNG! ENEMIES APPROACH! CALL THE PATROL! CALL MARSHALL ROMMEL!
AN OVERPOWERING FORCE QUICKLY SURROUNDS CAPTAIN COMMANDO---
NO USE TRYING TO FIGHT BACK NOW-TOO MANY! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEY WOULD PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR A COMMANDO RAID!
ZO, AT LAST I MEET YOU! THE GREAT CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND HIS BOY BRATS!
YOU STUPID AMERICANS, VEN VILL YOU LEARN THAT VE NAZIS ARE NOT TOY SOLDIERS! HO, HO THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTWIT ME! HA HA! TAKE THEM AWAY! HA HA, HA!
THE PRISONERS ARE PUT TO WORK IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP OF THE FORTRESS---
KEEP WORKING, SOLDIERS, WE AREN'T LICKED YET!
IF I WASN'T SO BORED WITH THIS DESERT, THIS CAPTAIN COMMANDO WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT SPORT! OH, THIS DREADFUL PLACE!
6

SERGEANT! I'M BORED! THIS QUIET IS DEAFENING! DO SOMETHING! DANCE, SING, WHISTLE---SOMETHING! BUT PLEASE ENTERTAIN ME!
YA, HERR MARSHALL!
AND SO THE GRAPEVINE BEGINS! HEAR YE! THE MARSHALL IS BORED!
CORPORAL! DER MARSHALL IS BORED! DO SOMETHING!
JA—I DO--- BUT WHAT?
DER MARSHALL IS BORED!
VAT CAN VE DO?
THE ORDER MAKES ITS ROUNDS INTO THE CONCENTRATION CAMP---
DID YA 'EAR THE BLOKE SAY THE MARSHALL IS BORED!
TELL HIS MAJESTY THAT CAPTAIN COMMANDO WILL ENTERTAIN HIM!
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A BASEBALL GAME, MARSHALL? NO? IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPORT AND I KNOW YOU'D LIKE IT!
SOUNDS AMUSING! IT SOUNDS VERY, VERY ENTERTAINING!
MAKE YOUR PREPARATIONS CAPTAIN— BUT MAKE SURE YOU AMUSE ME!

BACK IN THE CAMP PREPARATIONS FOR THE GAME GO UNDER WAY---
MINUTES LATER, A SHADOW STALKS ACROSS THE WALLS---
IT'S CAPTAIN COMMANDO!
BUT I SAY, CAP, WHY DO YOU WANT TO ENTERTAIN THAT BLIGHTER?
BECAUSE IT GIVES US MORE FREEDOM--- AND A CHANCE TO TRY AND MAKE AN ESCAPE... NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO
ARSENAL
YLLLK
GOOD T'ING I'M A DODGER FAN! DIS IS RIGHT IN MY LINE!
BRING THOSE BASEBALLS IN HERE--- QUICK!
ARSENAL
DON'T BE SO NOIVOUS, LIMEY! FILL DEM APPLES WIT' DAT WOIM JUICE!
BLIMEY! THERE'S ENOUGH DYNAMITE IN 'ERE TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE JERRY ARMY!
AT LAST— THE GAME BEGINS— ALLIES VS. NAZIS--- A HOLIDAY HAS BEEN DECLARED AND THE ENTIRE NAZI GARRISON IS PRESENT!
THE CAPTAIN INSTRUCTS HIS TEAM---
ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN! YOU ALL HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! REMEMBER THE SIGNAL AND DON'T MISS!

STRIKE THE BUM OUT!
THE NAZIS ARE EASILY RETIRED VIA THE STRIKEOUT ROUTE---
AND TAKE TO THE FIELD-----
THAT'S NINE STRIKES IN A ROW, CAP!
OOF
NOW IT'S OUR TURN AT BAT—WAIT HERE WHILE I SET THE STAGE FOR OUR ENTRANCE!
HERE, HERR MARSHALL- IT IS THE CUSTOM IN AMERICA THAT THE GUEST OF HONOR THROW OUT THE FIRST BALL TO HIS TEAM!
IS DOT ZO? DIS IS VUNDERBAR! IM BEGINNING TO LAUGH ALREADY!
HA, HA, HA - HIMMEL DIS IS FUN! HA, HA - I'M DYING OF LAUGHING!
BE CAREFUL NOW, MARSHALL--- THROW IT RIGHT TO YOUR MEN!
OH, IF DER FUEHRER COULD ONLY SEE THIS HE VOULD ALSO DIE LAUGHING. HA HA!

OUT AT HOME PLATE!
LAUGH THIS OFF, YOU MINOR LEAGUE CHUMPS!
CONFUSION TAKES OVER – NAZIS ARE CAUGHT OFF GUARD – THE AMERICAN BASEBALL BECOMES A FIRST-CLASS WAR WEAPON.....
SHULTZ! SHTEP ON IT! EVERYTHING'S GONE CRAZY!
OH, OH, THERE GOES DE MARSHALL!
CATCH, ROMMY, WIT DE COMPLIMENTS OF DE BROOKLYN DODGERS!
QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE, THE ALLIED PRISONERS, LED BY THE COMMANDOS, ATTACK WITH MURDEROUS FURY
AND NOW, HOURS LATER, BACK IN THE ALLIED CAMP
INCREDIBLE, CAPTAIN, INCREDIBLE! HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU BAG THEM ALL?
IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS, GENERAL, THE BUMS WERE SUCKERS FOR AN OUTSIDE CURVE!
THE ORIGINAL CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND HIS BOY SOLDIERS APPEAR ONLY IN PEP COMICS. THE FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB

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JOIN THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA ... AN ACTIVE CLUB WHERE YOUR ENTRANCE TICKET INTO THE SCRAP WITH ADOLF, BENITO AND HIROHITO IS A VICTORY STAMP. IF YOU CAN TRUTHFULLY FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING COUPON, YOU RE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP. REMEMBER, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD A 10¢ WAR STAMP OR A $50.00 BOND — BUY ALL YOU CAN AFFORD AND YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR THIS CLUB! FILL OUT THE COUPON OR COPY IT ON A POSTCARD, SEND IT ALONG TO US AND YOUR NAME WILL APPEAR IN THE NEAR FUTURE ON THE MEMBERSHIP LISTS ON THIS PAGE!

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL PATRIOTIC AMERICAN I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB!"

NAME (PRINT PLAINLY)_____

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STATE_____

SERGEANT BOYLE

WHEN FIELDMARSHAL DOMMEL GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND RETURNED TO THE AFRICAN FRONT HE FOUND HIS SHATTERED ARMY TRYING TO REORGANIZE FROM ITS STUNNING DEFEAT (*SEE PEP COMICS JAN.*).. IN DOMMEL'S FURIOUS CLEANUP CAMPAIGN, WE FIND

DUMMKOPFS! IDIOTS! WHO ISS RESPONSIBLE?

DER HONOR OF DER THIRD REICH ISS AT STAKE! WHOEVER IT VAS, I VANT HEEM CAUGHT!

CRACK

OFFICERS DEMOTED..

MASS EXECUTIONS

SUICIDES.

SEND IN FOUR OF OUR BEST SPIES! I HAFF AN ASSIGNMENT TO ASSIGN!

AT LAST VE ARE GETTING SOMEVHERE! DER MAN RESPONSIBLE ISS CALLED SERGEANT BOYLE!

JA HERR FIELDMARSHAL! HE ISS IN CAIRO ON FURLOUGH!

YOU SENT FOR US, HERR FIELDMARSHAL?

VE HAFF LEARNED DOT SERGEANT BOYLE ISS IN CAIRO! YOU ARE TO GO, GET HIM, UND BRING HIM BACK!

VE HAFF ALREADY CONTACTED OUR AGENTS IN CAIRO! YOU SHOULD NOT FIND IT TOO DIFFICULT! YOU KNOW VOT VILL HAPPEN TO YOU IF YOU COME BACK WID OUDT BOYLE!
JA, HERR FELDMARSHAL!
JA, HERR FIELD-MARSHAL!
OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO CAIRO, WHERE WE FIND SERGEANT BOYLE AND CAPTAIN TWERP WINDING UP A WEEK'S FURLOUGH....
SKILL 12 SHOTS 25 CENTS
IF YOU CAN HIT THAT LITTLE GREEN THING THAT GOES UP AND DOWN, YOU WIN 50 BUCKS!
I'LL SEE ABOUT IT!
CIGARS
CLANG!
ATTABOY, SARGE, OL' PAL! WHAT A SHOT!
WELL, WE'VE SEEN ALL THE MOVIES IN TOWN, BEEN TO ALL THE DANCE HALLS, AND THE CARNIVAL, AND WITH THIS THIRTY IT DIDN'T COST US A CENT! NOW WHAT?
C'MON SARGE, I'LL TAKE YOU TO SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN HAVE SOME REAL FUN!
DO DER MARSHAL SAY HE VANTED DEM DEAD OR ALIVE?
I VOULD LIKE TO SHOOT DEM!
SHUT UP! HE'S GOT SOMEBODY WID HIM! BUT VE TAKE DEM BOTH! GET READY!!
THE MUSEUM? AQUARIUM? THE ZOO?
NOPE
NOPE
NOPE
DON'T GIFF DEM TIME TO SCREAM! I'LL TAKE CARE OF BOYLE MYSELF! YOU GET DER OTHER VUN!
VUN... TWO.
THR... THR..??
??
BREAK IT UP, YOU! SAAAY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ANYWAY?
?

SO YOU SEE, OFFICER, YOU VERE MISTAKEN! VE VERE JUST PLAYING A LITTLE JOKE!
OH YEAH? WELL, IT SOUNDS FISHY TO ME, AN' I'M TAKIN' YOU ALL DOWN TO HEADQU...
ARRURRGGH...
VOT HAPPENED, TO THOSE TWO? ACH, THERE THEY ARE!
SPIRITUAL MEETING ADM. FREE
SPIRITUALIST MEETING, HMMM.. DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU BELIEVE TH.S STUFF, TWERP?
NO, BUT MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT WHEN THE WAR'LL BE OVER!
IF THAT'S WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, I CAN TELL YOU MYSELF, WHEN EVERYBODY GOES OUT 100%!
BOY, ARE YOU SMART! AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! ALL THE SAME I'M GOING IN!
DEY VENT IN DOT SPIRTUALIST PLACE! NOW VE GOT TO VAIT FOR DEM TO COME OUDT!
DUMBKOPFF, VHY SHOULD VE VAIT? YOU THREE GO IN THE FRONT UND GET RID OF DOT DOORMAN, UND I VILL SNEAK AROUND TO DER BACK UND TAKE CARE OF DOT SWAMI!!
TH.S HAD BETTER BE GOOD! BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'LL BE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH OUR TH.RTY BUCKS!
AW- SARGE, YOU'RE TOO SUSPICIOUS!
WALK THIS WAY!
SIT HERE... EXCUSE ME! SOMEONE ELSE JUST CAME IN!
IF YOU'RE RUNNING SHORT OF SEATS, PAL, LET ME KNOW! I'LL BE GLAD TO KICK IN WITH MINE!
DO YOU GENTLEMEN WISH TO ATTEND THE SPMMMFFRRG GLURG.. OOPR..
UGH!
TSK! TSK! SHOULDN'T MUMBLE!!

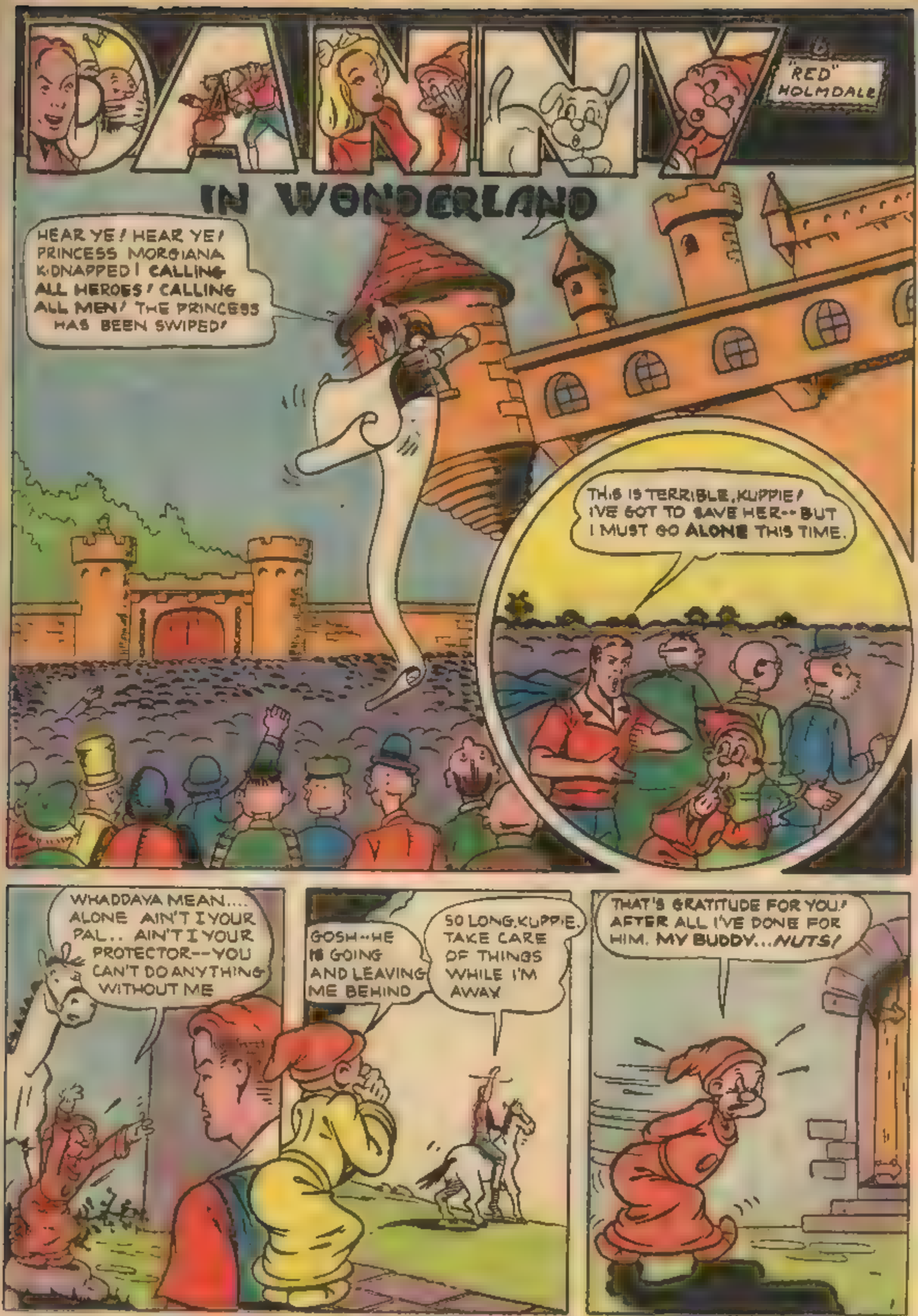
LET US FIRST HIDE DER BODY, UND DEN VHEN DER LIGHTS GO OUDT VE SNEAK IN UND GET BOYLE UND HIS FREND!
JA! HERE COMES DER KAPITAN NOW!
SO! VE ARE ALL READY FOR THE SEANCE? GOOT! VE BEGIN!
BEFORE VE TURN OUDT THE LIGHTS, VE MUST PREPARE OURSELVES TO TALK VID THE SPIRITS! PUT YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS UND CONCENTRATE!
HEY
IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY POCKETS OF YOUR OWN, I'M SORRY! BUT KEEP OUT OF MINE!
OK. BUT TRY TO BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL!
OH, WAS THAT YOUR POCKET? HEH, HEH, I'M SORRY!
SORRY! HE'S SORRY! CAUGHT HIM, HE MEANS! IF HE THINKS I'M GONNA SIT HERE WHILE HE PICKS MY POCKET, HE'S NUTS!
DOES EFERYBODY HAFF DEIR HANDS IN DEIR POCKETS? FINE! TURN THE LIGHTS OUDT!
JA! WID PLEASURE!
NOW VE ALL RELAX, SOOOO.. ISS EVERYBODY CONCENTRATING! DOT'S NICE! IF YOU HEAR ANYBODY MOVING AROUND, IT ISS JUST THE DEAD SPIRITS!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!! THAT'S BOYLE FINDING ANOTHER SEAT!
THIS IS BETTER! OUR DOUGH'LL BE A LOT SAFER OVER HERE!
VE CAN'T MISS! DEY ARE SITTING DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM EACH ODDER!
HM.? I TINK DIS VUN ISS BOYLE! THERE ISS MY BLACKJACK!!
EEEK! SOMETHING TOUCHED ME!
AHHH! DER SPIRITS HAFF COME! I VLL SPEAK TO DEM! SPIRITS! ARE YOU READY? ANSWER, VUN KNOCK FOR YES, TWO KNOCKS FOR NO!
SAY? WHAT'SA BIG ID... ??
HEY! WHO'S..
KLUNK!
BOP!

THE SPIRITS HAFF LEFT! TOO BAD! TURN ON THE LIGHTS!
SAY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE ??
THAT'S FUNNY! THAT CROOK'S GONE! AND TWERP! TWERP'S GONE TOO!
?
CURSES! SOMETHING VENT WRONG! DEY DIDN'T GET BOYLE!
ER.. DOTS ALL 'FOR TODAY" COME BACK TOMORROW!!
AND NOT ONLY THAT! THAT CROOK GOT AWAY WITH OUR MONEY, AFTER ALL!
MAYBE TWERP SAW IT AND FOLLOWED HIM!
THAT'S DUMB! HOW COULD HE HAVE SEEN HIM IN THE DARK! I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO HAVE A TALK WITH THAT SWAMI!
OH OH! SOMEONE'S HIDING BEHIND THAT CURTAIN!
ALL RIGHT, WHO EVER YOU ARE! COME ON OUT OF THERE OR I'M GOING TO DRAG YOU OUT!
WON'T COME OUT, EH.? OKAY, WE'LL SEE ABOUT... HOLY CATS! IT'S THE SWAMI'S ASSISTANT! HE'S DEAD!
FIRST THE GUY NEXT TO ME PICKS MY POCKET, THEN HE AND TWERP BOTH DISAPPEAR, AND THIS GUY TURNS UP DEAD! ON TOP OF THAT THE SWAMI'S ACCENT WAS PRETTY SUSPICIOUS!
I THINK I'LL LOOK AROUND IN THE BACK. MAYBE I CAN FOUND OUT SOMETHING!

WELL, I'VE SEARCHED HIGH AN' LOW AND NOT A TRACE OF... WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
WHO'S THERE? ??
DON'T TELL ME IT WAS YOU
WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!
GET ME OUT! I'AM YOG! RAMASHAPIRO! A BIG ROUGH MAN TIED ME UP AND PUT ME IN HERE!
I THOUGHT THAT GUY WAS A PHONEY! WONDER WHAT HIS GAME IS!
THIS SOUNDS LIKE HIM COMING NOW! GET BACK DOWN AND KEEP QUIET! I'LL GET YOU OUT LATER!
B. BUT? CLUB?
THOSE CLUMSY IDIOTS! HOW COULD DEY HAFF GOTTEN DER WRONG MAN! IF VE GO BACK WIDOUDT BOYLE, DOMMEL VILL HAFF US ALL SHOT!
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT!
VELL, VE VILL JUST HAFF TO COME BACK FOR HIM! AND DIS TIME VE DON'T MISS!
OUR SUBMARINE ISS STILL SAFE! THE OTHERS SHOULD GET HERE SOON! DEN VE CAN MAKE PLANS TO CATCH DOT BOYLE!

VOT ISS KEEPING DEM? DEY SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW!
I DON'T WANT TO PLAY TAG WITH THAT MINIATURE CANNON HE'S LUGGING.. OKAY, LITTLE PEBBLE, MAKE A BIG SPLASH!
?
SPEAK UP! WHO ISS DOWN THERE? ANSWER, OR I SHOOT!
KONK
I'LL SLIP INTO HIS SUIT, WHILE I FIGURE OUT THE NEXT MOVE...NONE TOO SOON! HERE THEY COME!
OOOOHHHH... MY HEAD!... MY STOMACH! OOOOOHHH...!
THEY'VE GOT TWERP, ALL RIGHT! I'D KNOW HIS VOICE ANYWHERE!
DOT VAS AN EASY JOB! DER FIELDMARSHAL, HE VILL BE VERY PLEASED!
OPEN UP DER SACKS! I VANT TO BE SURE DEY ARE REALLY HERE!
VOT'S THE MATTER? CERTAINLY VE GOT DEM! OPEN DER OTHER SACK, HEINRICH!

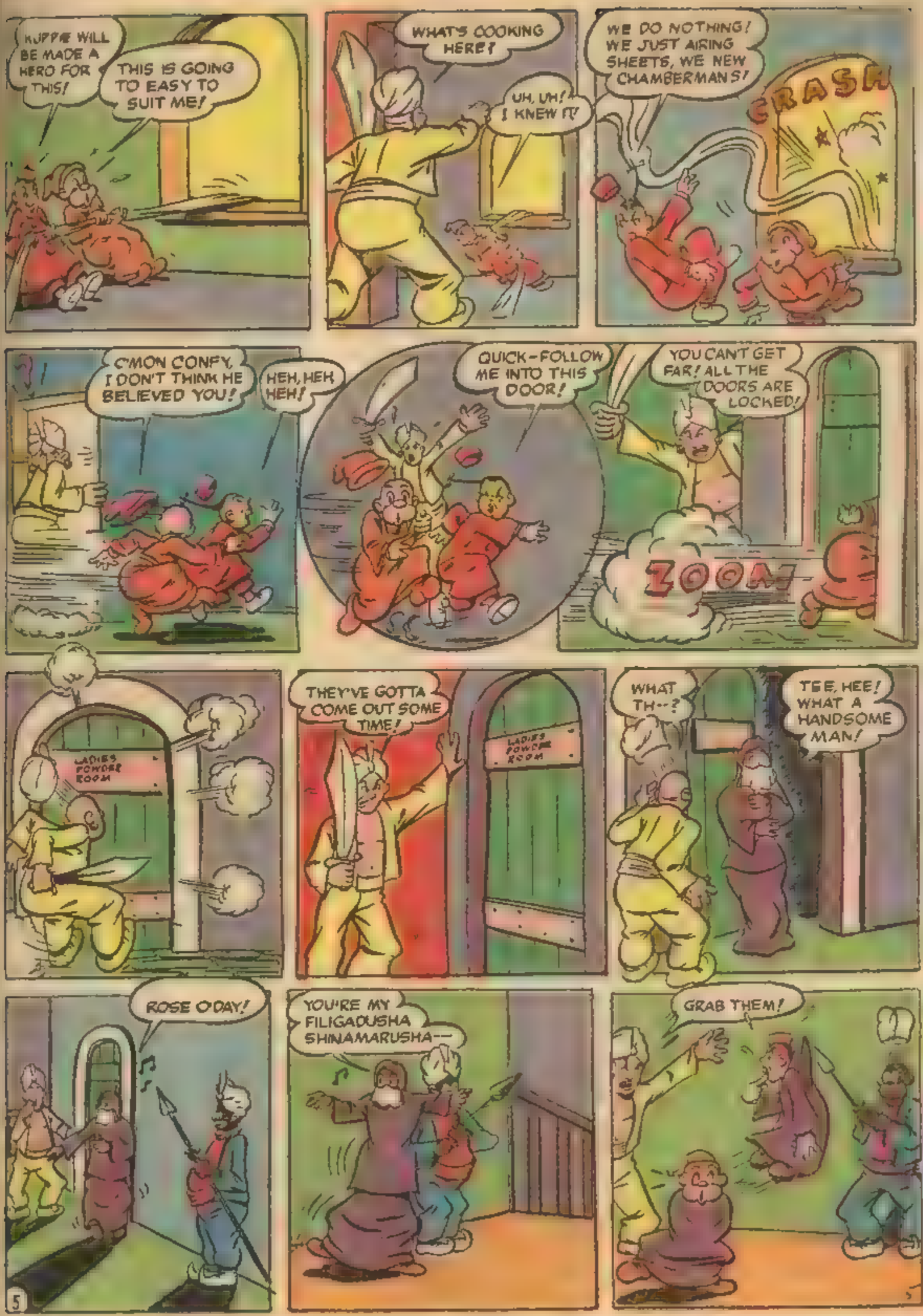
NOW DAT YOU GUYS HAS HAD YER FUN, CAN I GO HOME?
WHO'S DIS? VHERE ISS BOYLE?
HERE, HE IS.!
BOYLE! IT'S YOU, GOSH!
YEP! THOUGHT I'D COME DOWN TO THE SHORE FOR SOME FISHING! HEARD THE SUCKERS WERE BITING!
BOUNCE ME AROUND IN A BALE, WILL YOU? NOW IT'S MY TURN!
BIFF
BAM
SOK
WHAM
POW
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, SARGE! SAY, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT ANYWAY?
ONE SIDE, TWERP! I SEE AN UNPLEASANTLY FAMILIAR FACE!
ULP!
OKAY, BUDDY! I THINK YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT! YOU CAN PUT IT RIGHT HERE!
WHY, YOU DIRTY CROOK! YOU'RE LUCKY WE DON'T ARREST YOU! YOU GOT SOME NERVE! STEALING FROM SERGEANT BOYLE!!
YA MEAN HE'S SERGEANT BOYLE? YEAH? JEEZ! NO KIDDIN'?
SHUCKS, SARGE, IN DAT CASE... HERE, I'LL GIVE YA BACK REAL DOUGH!
OWWWRRR!
THIS IS A FRIENDLY TIP.. DON'T MISS SERGEANT BOYLE NEXT MONTH.


DANNY
"RED" HOLMDALE
IN WONDERLAND
HEAR YE! HEAR YE! PRINCESS MORGIANA KIDNAPPED! CALLING ALL HEROES! CALLING ALL MEN! THE PRINCESS HAS BEEN SWIPED!
THIS IS TERRIBLE, KUPPIE! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER-- BUT I MUST GO ALONE THIS TIME.
WHADDAYA MEAN.... ALONE AIN'T I YOUR PAL.. AIN'T I YOUR PROTECTOR--YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT ME
GOSH--HE IS GOING AND LEAVING ME BEHIND
SO LONG, KUPPIE. TAKE CARE OF THINGS WHILE I'M AWAY
THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU! AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR HIM. MY BUDDY...NUTS!

OH, MISERY, OH SORROW— I'VE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING I'LL GET THE PRINCESS BACK MYSELF
Antiques
WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?
NOBODY LAUGHS AT KUPPIE AND GETS AWAY WITH IT. TAKE TH.S!
WOW! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
OBOYOBOYOBOY
ZIP
QUICK! WRAP UP THAT STATUE IN THE WINDOW HOW MUCH IS IT?
WHY THAT WILL BE 75
SURE, SURE, GEE I THOUGHT IT WOULD COST MUCH MUCH MORE HERE'S YOUR 75 CENTS
ARE YOU KIDDING? I SAID 75 DOLLARS
OOOHHH
WELL, I GUESS YOU WEREN'T MEANT TO BE MINE, PAL! 75 SMACKERS! WOW!
2

HEY HOW'D THAT MONEY GET HERE
NOBODY LOOKING?
UH... HERE'S YOUR 75 DOLLARS, MISTER.
BOY! THIS SURE IS HEAVY. HE COULD DIET!
WHEW! I CAN'T WALK ANOTHER STEP I'M BE-GINNING TO THINK IT WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA BUYIN' TH S HUNK O' STONE AFTER ALL!
CONFUCIOUS SAY "BETTER TO BUY STONE AND WALK WITH IT THAN BUY IT AND SLEEP UNDER IT-- SIX FEET UNDER!"
ME, CONFUCIOUS, VELLY SMART MAN. ME KNOW ALL-EE ANSWERS - EVEN TO SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTIONS.
AH IT FEELS GOOD TO STRETCH. CONFUCIOUS WAS GETTING BORED IN ANTIQUE SHOP! G.AD YOU CAME ALONG!
GOSH— NOW I'VE SEEN EVERY-THING!
MAYBE CONFUCIOUS CAN BE OF SERVICE TO KUPPIE.
COME TO THINK OF IT... YOU SURE COULD!
PRINCESS MORGIANA'S BEEN KIDNAPPED, AND DANNY WENT OFF TO FIND HER AND LEFT ME BEHIND, AND NOW I WANNA SHOW HIM THAT HE AIN'T THE ONLY HERO SO MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME (WHEW) HUH?

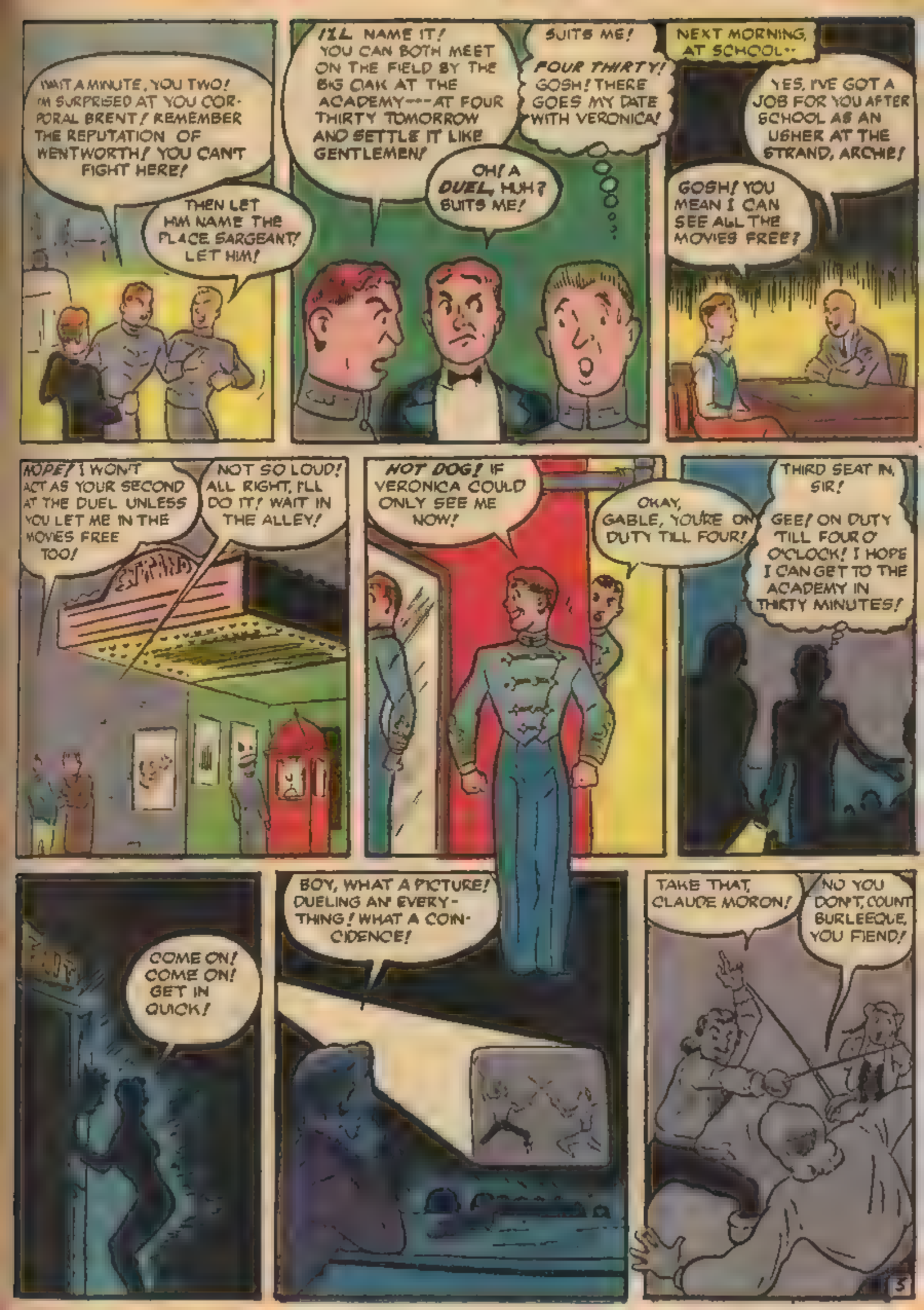
LOOK WHAT'S COMING DOWN THE STREETA HAREM CARAVAN
CONFUCIOUS SOLVE BIG MYSTERY! PRINCESS IS IN HAREM WAGON!
GEE CONFY, BUT THAT WOULD BE LIKE LOOKIN' FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!
FOLLOW ME, CONFUCIOUS SAY "WHEN LOOKING FOR NEEDLE—FIRST FIND HAYSTACK"!
BUT HOW YOU GOING TO PICK OUT THE PRINCESS! THEY'RE ALL WEARING VEILS!
WHAT A DIVE! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET IN THERE!
CONFUCIOUS SAY, "TIME IS SHORT HOP IN ALREADY"!
GOSH---I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! IF WE'RE CAUGHT! ANYBODY AROUND!
NOBODY AROUND! QUICK-IN HERE!
ZOWIE! THERE'S SO MANY IN THERE! HOW ARE WE GOING TO PICK OUT THE PRINCESS!
CONFUCIOUS SAY "WHO CARES" QUICK--INSIDE!
GOSH-THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE!
CONFUCIOUS SAY "WHEN MAN IS CONFUSED BY WOMAN-LET CONFUSION REIGN"!
MAYBE THEY CAN TELL US IF THE PRINCESS IS AROUND!
WE DON'T KNOW IF SHE'S THE PRINCESS BUT A NEW GIRL CAME YESTERDAY--- SHE'S LOCKED IN THAT ROOM!
CONFUCIOUS HAS SPOKEN "THAT'S THE PRINCESS"!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT- CONFUCIOUS!
CONFUCIOUS ALWAYS RIGHT!
DON'T SAY A WORD, PRINCESS, HOP ON TO THIS SHEET AND I'LL SAVE YOU
BUT-- BUT!
4
4


KUPPIE WILL BE MADE A HERO FOR THIS!
THIS IS GOING TO EASY TO SUIT ME!
WHAT'S COOKING HERE?
UH, UH! I KNEW IT!
WE DO NOTHING! WE JUST AIRING SHEETS, WE NEW CHAMBERMANS!
CRASH
C'MON CONFY, I DON'T THINK HE BELIEVED YOU!
HEH, HEH HEH!
QUICK-FOLLOW ME INTO THIS DOOR!
YOU CAN'T GET FAR! ALL THE DOORS ARE LOCKED!
ZOOM
LADIES POWDER ROOM
THEY'VE GOTTA COME OUT SOME TIME!
LADIES POWDER ROOM
WHAT TH--?
TEE, HEE! WHAT A HANDSOME MAN!
ROSE O'DAY!
YOU'RE MY FILIGADUSHA SHINAMARUSHA--
GRAB THEM!
5

I GOT YA — YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD PUT SOMETHING ACROSS ON ME!
THE MAHARAJAH WILL REWARD ME WELL FOR THIS!
MIGHTY MAHARAJAH — I HAVE CAUGHT THESE TWO TRYING TO KIDNAP THAT NEW GIRL!
KIDNAP? NEW GIRL? OH HER? HA — YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO THRU ALL THAT TROUBLE!
I'M GLAD TO GET RID OF HER — ONLY DID IT AS A FAVOR FOR A FRIEND! BUT SINCE YOU BOYS WANT HER — TAKE HER!
SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS!
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE THIS, BOYS! REMIND ME TO GIVE YOU BOTH PRESENTS NEXT CHRISTMAS!
WELL HERE WE ARE AT THE KING'S PALACE! I STILL DON'T LIKE THAT SULTANS ATTITUDE!
CONFUCIOUS SAY 'HE WHO LOOKEE GIFT HORSE IN MOUTH GET BIG HORSE LAUGH!
KUPPIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE! WHO IS THAT VEILED WOMAN?
SHE'S THE PRINCESS WISEGUY! NEXT TIME YOU WON'T BE SO UPPITY, AND FURTHERMORE—
BUT THE PRINCESS HAS ALREADY BEEN RETURNED!
WHO THE HECK IS THIS ONE— MY MOTHER-IN-LAW!
SO YOU GOT YOUR PAL, THE SULTAN TO SWIPE ME FOR HIS HAREM, DID YOU—GRRR—
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THIS IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN — NOT WITH A MOTHER-IN-LAW ON THE LOOSE!
6
SAY— WHO IN THE WORLD TOLD YOU SHE WAS THE PRINCESS, ANYWAY?
SO, CONFUCIOUS! YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS DO YOU, SMART-ALEC?
BRAAACK
CONFUCIOUS MIGHT HAVE GIVEN KUPPIE A BUM STEER! BUT HE SURE KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT, WHEN CONFUCIOUS SAY "HIM WHO BUY PEP COMICS, GETEE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE IN COUNTRY!

Archie
by Montana
THE 3-11 CLUB
OH! JUST PUT THE DOOR IN THE BACK SEAT!
KEEP 'EM FLYIN
OW!
OH, WHAT A DIVINE PLACE, ARCHIE! BUT ISN'T IT EXPENSIVE— ------ FOR YOU?
SHUCKS! WHAT'S MONEY— I'LL BE ROLLING IN IT SOON! WAIT'LL I TELL YOU!

SO I WENT DOWN TO MR. WALLACE'S OFFICE AND HE HAD A SWELL PART-TIME JOB FOR ME; DIDN'T SAY WHAT--- BUT----
SAY! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID!
AH---WHAT? OH, I'M SORRY, ARCHIE!
WELL, YOU CAN'T BLAME VERONICA OR ANY OTHER GIRL! BECAUSE ALL FEMININE EYES ARE ON THE WENTWORTH CADETS WHO HAVE JUST ENTERED---
CHECKROOM
WILL THE OWNER OF THE CAR--LICENSE NUMBER 29812 PLEASE STEP OUT TO THE FRONT DOOR! THE DOORMAN CAN'T START IT!
HEY, THAT'S ME! S'CUSE ME, VERONICA!
WHAT'SA MATTER?
WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME THE COMBINATION TO THIS JALOPY SO I CAN GET IT OUT OF HERE! IT'S DRAWING A CROWD!
YOU'D THINK THAT GUY WAS TOO DRESSED UP TO CRANK A CAR! AFTER ME GIVIN' HIM A NICKEL, TOO!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, MISS VERONICA? FOUR THIRTY AT THE ACADEMY TOMORROW?
WELL...
I'M REALLY SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT I DIDN'T SEE YOU WITH HER!
DIDN'T SEE? IF YOU WEREN'T SO BUSY STICKING OUT THAT FAKE CHEST, YOU'D HAVE SEEN ME! WHAT DO YOU THINK, A GIRL LIKE HER COMES UNESCORTED WITH A BUNCH OF WOLVES --IN--IN MONKEY SUITS LIKE YOU AROUND!
LISSEN, CARROT TOP! NOBODY CAN CALL THE UNIFORM OF WENTWORTH A MONKEY SUIT!
OH NO! WHO'S GONNA STOP ME!
2

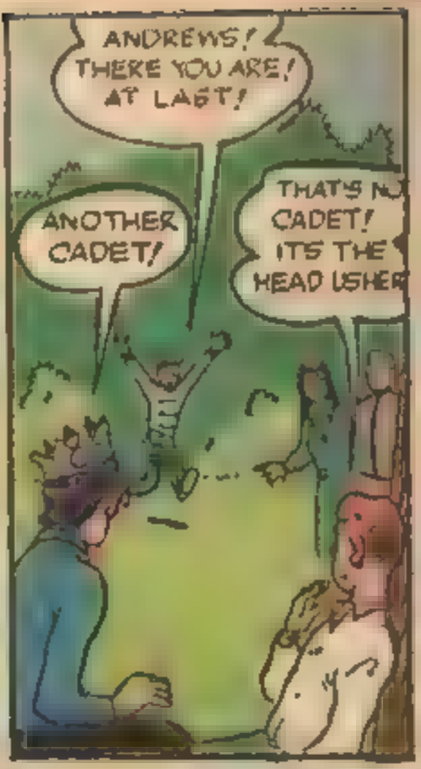

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU TWO! I'M SURPRISED AT YOU CORPORAL BRENT! REMEMBER THE REPUTATION OF WENTWORTH! YOU CAN'T FIGHT HERE!
THEN LET HIM NAME THE PLACE SARGEANT! LET HIM!
I'LL NAME IT! YOU CAN BOTH MEET ON THE FIELD BY THE BIG OAK AT THE ACADEMY---AT FOUR THIRTY TOMORROW AND SETTLE IT LIKE GENTLEMEN!
SUITS ME!
FOUR THIRTY! GOSH! THERE GOES MY DATE WITH VERONICA!
OH! A DUEL, HUH? SUITS ME!
NEXT MORNING, AT SCHOOL--
YES, I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU AFTER SCHOOL AS AN USHER AT THE STRAND, ARCHIE!
GOSH! YOU MEAN I CAN SEE ALL THE MOVIES FREE?
NOPE! I WON'T ACT AS YOUR SECOND AT THE DUEL UNLESS YOU LET ME IN THE MOVIES FREE TOO!
NOT SO LOUD! ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT! WAIT IN THE ALLEY!
HOT DOG! IF VERONICA COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW!
OKAY, GABLE, YOU'RE ON DUTY TILL FOUR!
THIRD SEAT IN, SIR!
GEE! ON DUTY TILL FOUR O' CLOCK! I HOPE I CAN GET TO THE ACADEMY IN THIRTY MINUTES!
COME ON! COME ON! GET IN QUICK!
BOY, WHAT A PICTURE! DUELING AN' EVERYTHING! WHAT A COINCIDENCE!
TAKE THAT, CLAUDE MORON!
NO YOU DON'T, COUNT BURLESQUE, YOU FIEND!

HA, HA! NOW I HAVE YOU--- DISARMED! HA! DID YOU EVER HAVE A FOIL RUN THROUGH YOUR THROAT?
Y-YOU COULDN'T!
GULP!
NO, NO! DON'T! AAAAAA!
OMIGOSH! THE MANAGER!
ARCHIE! PSSST! ARCHIE?
ARCHIE, FOR GOODNESS SAKE FIND OUT WHO YELLED LIKE THAT AND THROW HIM OUT!
Y-Y-YESSIR!
H-HEY ARCHIE, ARE YOU CRAZY!
SHUT UP! I'VE GOTTA THROW SOMEBODY OUT!
LATER! IN FACT 4:00 P.M.--
GEE, I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO CHANGE MY UNIFORM!
THERE'S THE BUS AT THE CORNER!
VERONICA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
4

WELL IF YOU MUST KNOW, I HAVE A DATE WITH CORPORAL BRENT AT FOUR THIRTY!
CORPORAL BRENT! THAT'S GRATITUDE! I'M RISKING MY LIFE IN A DUEL FOR YOUR HONOR AND YOU'RE DATING THE GUY!
A DUEL? OH, ARCHIE, YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! HA, HA, HA!
WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY
YOU DON'T THINK I CAME UP HERE FOR A PICNIC?
HMMM! HE BROUGHT ENOUGH HELP,... ...PROBABLY TO CARRY HIM HOME -- LATER!
?
COAT!
YES SIR!
?
GEE, I NEVER SAW THAT UNIFORM BEFORE!
OH SURE -- THAT'S WHERE ALL THOSE CHAMP ATHLETES COME FROM!
I THINK IT'S THAT BIG ACADEMY NEAR FORT FLATBURG!
THEY DO!
GOTTA LIMBER UP! UGH! AH! UGH! TAKE THAT!
I'M READY, SERGEANT! HAND ME MY SABRE!
WHAT! YOUR SABRE! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE -- -- IN VIENNA? THIS IS A BOXING MATCH!
WONDER IF THIS GUY IS GOOD?
JEEPERS I THOUGHT IT WAS THE COAT, BUT THIS GUY REALLY HAS MUSCLES!
5

SOCK
BOP
THUD

WELL, THAT'S THAT! SHALL WE GO, MISS VERONICA?
ARCHIE! HEY, ARCHIE, OPEN YOUR EYES!---- WELL, OPEN YOUR RIGHT EYE, ANYWAY!


ANDREWS! THERE YOU ARE! AT LAST!
ANOTHER CADET!
THAT'S NO CADET! IT'S THE HEAD USHER

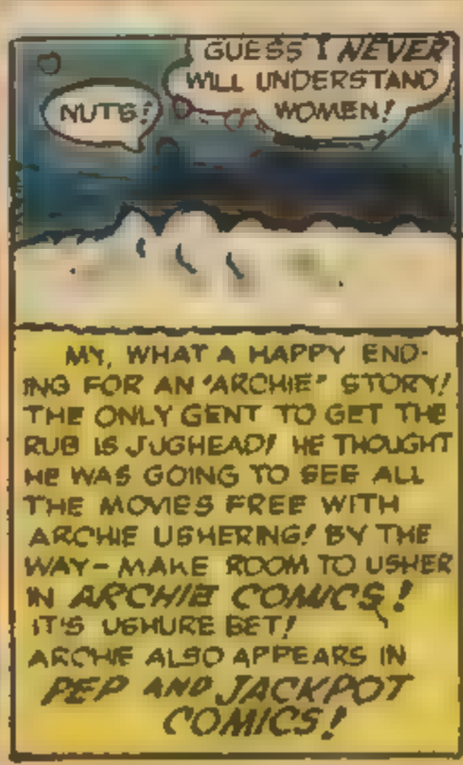
WHAT'S THE IDEA LEAVING THE THEATER WITH THIS UNIFORM! YOU OUGHTA KNOW THERE AREN'T ENOUGH TO GO AROUND! YOURE FIRED! NOW GIMME THAT UNIFORM!
B-B-BUT (SPUTTER)

HA-HA, AN USHER! COME ON MISS VERONICA! I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO RIVERDALE!
ALL RIGHT!
GO!!

NUTS! I LOST MY UNIFORM--- LOST MY JOB, GOT A NICE "SHINER" AND NOW I'VE LOST VERONICA TOO! SHE'LL NEVER FORGIVE ME!
YOU MIGHT ADD FOUR MILES TO TOWN, TOO!

HEY! YOU ALMOST RAN OVER US!
IT'S VERONICA!
HYA COOKIE, HOP IN!

ARCHIE I ONLY LET COEPORAL BRENT TAKE ME HOME SO I COULD GET MY CAR AND COME BACK FOR YOU! I'M AWFULLY SORRY YOU LOST YOUR JOB AN GOT HURT AND EVERY-THING ON ACCOUNT OF ME!--- WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?


NUTS!
GUESS I NEVER WILL UNDERSTAND WOMEN!
MY, WHAT A HAPPY ENDING FOR AN "ARCHIE" STORY! THE ONLY GENT TO GET THE RUB IS JUGHEAD! HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO SEE ALL THE MOVIES FREE WITH ARCHIE USHERING! BY THE WAY- MAKE ROOM TO USHER IN ARCHIE COMICS! IT'S USHURE BET! ARCHIE ALSO APPEARS IN PEP AND JACKPOT COMICS!

Bentley
of Scotland Yard
IN THE CASE OF THE STEEPLECHASE MURDERS!
LAUGHTER, GAIETY . .. AND THE THRILLING EXCITEMENT OF "THE SPORT OF KINGS" RUNS KAMPANT AT THE STARLINE STEEPLECHASE ---- EAGERLY THE SPECTATORS WATCH THE SLEEK STALLIONS RACING FOR THE FINISH LINE ---- SUDDENLY EVERYONE GASPS! FOR BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES ---- THEY SEE THE FEARFUL SPECTRE OF ----
DEATH AT THE TRACK!
THAT JOCKEY'S FALLING!
HE'LL BE KILLED!
PAUL REINMAN
1

THE HORSE HAS CRUSHED HIM!
HOW HORRIBLE!
IT'S JACKY TARR!
IT'S JACKY MY HUSBAND!
HEEDLESS OF THE IMPENDING DANGER MARY TARR RUNS ACROSS THE TRACK----
JACKY, DARLING! JACKY!
SUDDENLY MORE HORSES CLEAR THE HURDLE----
LOOK OUT, MISS! GET AWAY FROM THERE!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT WOMAN OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE SHE GET'S HURT!
LOOK'OUT! THE HORSES ARE COMING!
JACKY! JACKY! SPEAK TO ME, DARLING, PLEASE!
SPLIT SECONDS BEFORE THE GRINDING HOOFS THUD AGAINST THE TRACK, BENTLEY DRAGS THE GRIEVING WOMAN TO SAFETY!
LATER AT THE OFFICE OF JULIUS POST, MANAGER OF THE STEEPLECHACE----
I'M DEEPLY SORRY, MRS. TARR!
I TOLD JACKY NOT TO RACE TODAY! HE HAD A WARNING
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU KNEW ABOUT THAT WARNING, JULIUS! BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT JACKY THE LETTER THIS MORNING!
YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MR. STARR! I HAD NO IDEA WHAT THAT LETTER CONTAINED! NONE AT ALL!
WAIT A MOMENT! DON'T WASTE TIME TALKING ABOUT A LETTER...
WHAT IS IT MR BOLGER?
THE HORSE JACKY FELL OFF WAS MY HORSE! ALL OF YOU ARE ACCUSING EACH OTHER—AND I'M THE ONE WHO IS RUINED! I STAKED EVERY PENNY ON THIS RACE AND I'M WIPED OUT! BESIDES, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
IT WAS NO ACCIDENT, BELIEVE ME! SOMETHING'S BEHIND THIS.... AND I HAVE A PIECE OF EVIDENCE IN MY POCKET THAT CONVINCES ME.....
—THIS IS A CASE OF MURDER, AND I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS! FOLLOW ME ACROSS THE TRACK, EVERYONE!
WAIT FOR ME, YOU THREE! THE CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE IS UP IN THE JUDGES' TOWER!
I CAN'T HANG AROUND HERE! I HAVE TO SEE ABOUT STABLING MY HORSE!
I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD WAIT HERE EITHER—I WANT TO GO HOME!
YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! AFTER ALL—WHAT AUTHORITY HAS THIS BENTLEY PERSON OVER US?
YES, THE WITNESSES LEAVE! ALTHOUGH BENTLEY MIGHT HELP THEM, THEY THINK FIRST OF THEMSELVES.....

THERE THEY GO! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN I COULDN'T HOLD THEM HERE ON THE SHRED OF EVIDENCE I HAVE!
MAYBE MY BLUFF WILL STILL WORK!
YES, JACKY COULD HAVE BEEN MURDERED FROM HERE!
HE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE! I'VE A GUN AIMED AT YOU! UP WITH YOUR HANDS!
MY PLAN WORKED!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW! NOW WHERE IS THAT EVIDENCE?
IN MY RIGHT HAND JACKET POCKET! GET IT YOURSELF!
I WILL!
WITH A SUDDEN BACKWARD BLOW BENTLEY SMASHES HIS ELBOW AGAINST HIS ASSAILANT'S FACE---
THINK I NEED A LITTLE MORE ELBOW ROOM!

BUT ALL IS NOT OVER YET! AND AS THE DARK FORM DASHES FOR THE LADDER BENTLEY REACHES FOR THE GUN!
YOU WON'T GET FAR!
I'VE AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE YET MR. BENTLEY!
THE TIME FOR CARD TRICKS IS OVER! COME DOWN FROM THERE!
COME UP AND GET ME IF YOU CAN!
SLAMMING THE TRAP DOOR IN MY FACE WON'T STOP ME! HERE GOES!
YOU'RE AT THE END OF THE LINE---- COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS!
CRASH!
WHO DOES BENTLEY FIND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRAP-DOOR? WHO IS THE MURDERER?
WELL, I'M NOT IN THERE! I'M NOT A MURDERESS! I LOVED MY HUSBAND JACKY! BESIDES HOW COULD IT BE ME, I DON'T WEAR MEN'S CLOTHES!
ME? JULIUS POST? HOW COULD I BE THE MURDERER? WHAT WOULD I HAVE TO GAIN BY A KILLING THAT BROUGHT SCANDAL TO THE RACE-TRACK?
WELL, IT ISN'T ME! FIRST OF ALL, I CAN'T EVEN HOLD A GUN---- BESIDES, WHY SHOULD I KILL MY FAVORITE JOCKEY----THE MAN WHO WON EVERY RACE FOR ME?
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YES, IT'S ME --- BRETT BOLGER— SO WHAT? YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING ON ME!
HAVEN'T I? MAYBE YOU'RE FORGETTING THIS GUN WITH WHICH YOU TRIED TO KILL ME! BESIDES IT HAS A TELESCOPIC SIGHT---
---YOU AIMED AT YOUR OWN HORSE! YOU SHOT AT THIS BUCKLE THAT HELD THE SADDLE IN PLACE---
THE BUCKLE SNAPPED AND THE SADDLE SWUNG ROUND— DUMPING JACKY TARR IN THE PATH OF THE HORSES! YOU WANTED YOUR HORSE TO LOSE - BUT YOU DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD TURN OUT TO BE MURDER!
YOU'RE RIGHT - BUT YOU WON'T GET ME! I CAN'T LIVE TO FACE THE GALLOWS!
SUICIDE'S TOO EASY A WAY OUT FOR YOU, BOLGER! YOU'VE GAMBLED YOUR MONEY AND LIFE AWAY— NOW PAY THE PENALTY LIKE A MAN!
I KNEW THAT BOLGER HAD BET EVERY LAST CENT ON ANOTHER HORSE! ONLY A MAN HEAVILY IN DEBT WOULD TRY TO KEEP HIS OWN HORSE FROM WINNING! IN ORDER TO TRICK THE MURDERER INTO REVEALING HIS IDENTITY, I SAID I KNEW WHO HE WAS! IN REALTY THE ONLY EVIDENCE I HAD WAS THE BROKEN BUCKLE!

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He has directed the training of more men for the Radio industry than anyone else.

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My 50-50 Method—half building and testing Radio Circuits, half learning from interesting, illustrated lessons—is a tested, proved method. Before you know it you are "old friends" with the miracle of Radio. You run your own Spare Time Shop, fix the Radios of your friends and neighbors—get *paid* while learning!

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I've seen my method help thousands jump their pay. It is a time tested, practical way to prepare for a full time Radio job paying up to $50 a week. Instead of struggling along by yourself, you "team up" with an organization that *knows how* to help beginners get started.

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You'll read complete descriptions of my Course—"50-50 Method"—8 Experimental Kits—Extra Money Job Sheets. You'll see the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how YOU can train at home. You'll read many letters from men I trained telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Just MAIL THE COUPON! J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians $30, $40, $50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make $5 to $10 extra a week in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.

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"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made $600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of $10 a week—just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 1337 Kalamath Street, Denver, Colorado.

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